

SUNDAY TELEGRAPH

No. 545

August 1, 1971

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Life at the top in Africa Page 6

Short story by H. E. BATES P.7

Spoiled Holidays: Whose Fault? P.4

Explosion at flat of Mr. John Davies Housekeeper hurt

By PETER GLADSTONE SMITH and DAVID NORRIS

BOMB explosion yesterday shattered the front door and damaged the home of Mr. John Davies, the Secretary for Trade and Industry, on the seventh floor of a block of flats in Ranelagh Road, Fulham, London.

The explosion rocked the block, Rivermead Court, and damaged a neighbouring flat, injuring a housekeeper, Mrs. Elizabeth Wilson, 76, who was treated in hospital.

Davies was at his home in Ollerston, Knutsford, Cheshire, when the explosion occurred. He was told that his house was "in like hell".

Before the explosion Mrs. Wilson, a 76-year-old housekeeper, was in the flat. She was injured by a flying pane of glass and a small fire.

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When Churchill went to war

NEXT week The Sunday Telegraph begins serialisation of the third volume of the life of Sir Winston Churchill by Martin Gilbert, historian and Fellow of Merton College, Oxford, who has taken over the editorship from the late Randolph Churchill.

The volume covers the period from the outbreak of the 1914 war to 1918. This was the period of Churchill's greatest triumphs, for which he has always been blamed—Antwerp and the Dardanelles.

A wealth of new material reveals that both these initiatives were well-conceived and supported by his colleagues. His dismissal from the Admiralty largely arose from Asquith's supreme acceptance of a Coalition Government, which the latter agreed to because of an emotional tragedy.

The period ends with Churchill's disastrous attempt, after a period as a Battalion Commander in the trenches, to make a political comeback. At the age of 42 he seemed finished.

ORDER YOUR COPY TODAY

MEDICINE MAY COST MORE

By DR. F. GRAY, Medical Correspondent

PRESCRIPTION charges are likely to go up from 20p an item to 25p following the Government's withdrawal of its earlier scheme for charges to be based on the cost of medicines supplied.

Withdrawal of the scheme has left the Government urgently seeking additional income for the Health Service, now costing £2,000 million a year—and the £200 million a year medicine bill.

Several other forms of charges have been considered and rejected. One was to make "life-saving" drugs free but to make the patient pay the full cost of all other drugs. The objection to this is that patients with chronic and serious but not dangerous conditions would be hit hard.

Another proposal was to make a "hotel charge" for board and lodging in hospital—as suggested in the Beveridge Report which preceded the introduction of the Health Service—but it is thought the Government is not prepared to take so drastic a step at present.

A straight increase in the present prescription charges has several advantages. The administrative arrangements do not need to be altered, the list of exemptions remains the same, and it may be thought that the public are accustomed to paying increases.

The Prime Minister could decide he will not raise on Monday and return to London by day on Sunday.

We Can Carry On—P.4; Editorial Comment & Jensen—P.14; When Clyde Yard Had to Die—P.15; John Christie—P.22.

helicopter order

Labour M.P.s argue it is Mr. Heath's job to be responsible for the Government policy including the methods needed for dealing with high unemployment in Scotland.

The R.A.F. Wessex helicopter scheduled to take off from A.F. Benson, Oxfordshire, in time to get to Cowes by 12.45 and bring Mr. Heath back.

But last night a Press officer at 10 Downing Street said: "No decision has been taken that he will return on Monday. There will be a helicopter on standby."

Depending on weather conditions, the race could finish either side of 2 p.m.—which would give Mr. Heath a race against the clock to avoid a political row with Labour members.

The spokesman at No. 10 said:



RIVERMEAD COURT, a block of flats in Ranelagh Road, Fulham, showing (arrowed) a shattered window after an explosion yesterday at the seventh floor home of Mr. Davies, Secretary for Trade and Industry. Inset: A close-up of the damage.

B.B.C. producer an abortion adviser

By PETER BIRKETT

B.B.C. solicitors are investigating the activities of a current affairs producer who acts as information officer for a pregnancy advice service and a South London abortion clinic. He is Mr. Keith Hindell.

of the radio programme "The World Tonight."

The inquiry was ordered after complaints that the B.B.C.'s telephone number has been supplied to people telephoning the London Pregnancy Advisory Service and asking for details of its service and its abortion clinic, the Fairfield Nursing Home, Norwood, South London.

It is claimed that callers have also been given an extension number in Broadcasting House which is Mr. Hindell's in "The World Tonight's" offices.

Mr. Hindell admitted to me last week that he was a member of the management committee of the service and the clinic. The service arranges abortions through the clinic at £55 a time.

Mr. Hindell said at his office that he had been concerned only in producing three radio items on abortion in 18 months. These were only of a few minutes duration and were unedited. No complaints had been returned.

Complaints have been made by three leading anti-abortion organisations to Mr. Charles Curran, B.B.C. Director General and to Lord Hill, B.B.C. chairman.

One complaint by Mr. Martin Mears, General Secretary of Life: Save the Unborn Child, was made on July 20. The others by the Society for the Protection of Unborn Children and by Sanctity of Unborn Life, were made last week.

Already the B.B.C. solicitors have replied to Mr. Mears promising "immediate inquiries."

Last night Mr. Mears described Mr. Hindell's spare-time activity as "alarming."

Mr. William Spring, the chief of Sanctity of Unborn Life, said: "What an incredible situation that a public corporation once noted throughout the world for its dignity in broadcasting should now appear so intimately involved as the public relations organ of the British abortion industry."

Mr. Mears said he had been told of the service's connection with the B.B.C. by a number of people. "Then I told my secretary to telephone the service. She was given the Broadcasting House phone number 580 4468. Also supplied was Mr. Hindell's extension number."

Miss Mira Gainsly, the director of the service, said: "Mr. Hindell does a dedicated and worthwhile job with our organisation. The fact that he works for the B.B.C. we consider irrelevant."

"As a journalist I strive for impartiality. The B.B.C. lays down that total bias is not permitted. My views on abortion are heavily outweighed by my colleagues. I work with three Catholics—all of them are senior to me."

ASTRONAUTS GO FOR DRIVE WITH WHEEL FAULT

By HENRY MILLER in Houston, Texas

COL. DAVID SCOTT and Lt.-Col. James Irwin, two of the Apollo 15 astronauts, became yesterday the first men to drive on the Moon. They went on a two-mile trip to Elbow Crater, in the Hadley-Apennine site.

They moved along at a steady five miles an hour in their Lunar Rover. Television viewers saw the buggy roll away, looking for all the world like a slow-motion go-kart.

An electrical fault robbed the vehicle of its front-wheel steering, but Mission Control in Houston gave the astronauts permission to go on the trip using rear steering only.

After spending more than six hours on the moon's surface and cruising almost five miles, they returned to the lunar module Falcon for the night. Their exploration ended 30 minutes early, but they worked so hard that they used more oxygen than expected. Their exploit was watched by millions on television.

The two men travelled to the mile-wide Hadley Rille and inspected the craters Elbow and St. George. Two further moonwalks are scheduled.

'Some tilt'

As Col. Scott, 39, the mission commander, took his first look at Falcon from the outside, he said: "We are at some tilt. We are on a slope of about 10 degrees and the left rear footpad is about 2ft. lower than the right footpad. But the lunar module is in good shape and the Rover is in good shape."

"I see I'll have to keep my eye on the road," Col. Scott, 39, told Houston as they set off across the trackless lunar dust in the Rover. "Boy, it's really rolling hills... it's up and down we go."

And Lt.-Col. Irwin, 41, joked: "It feels like we need the seat belts."

At one point, the cable controlling the movement of the television camera became caught up with an antenna lead on the Rover. Lt.-Col. Irwin went back and freed it while Col. Scott Continued on Back Page, Col. 6

Mission Control told them they hoped to have the front steering problem solved before too long.

Tangled cable

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TRACES OF WATER ON THE MOON

By DR. ANTHONY MICHAELIS

THE first traces of iron rust have been discovered in the Apollo 14 moon rocks, giving definite proof that water existed on the Moon when they were formed about 3,700 million years ago.

This was announced yesterday by Dr. Stuart Agrell, curator of the Rock and Mineral Museum and lecturer in mineralogy of Cambridge University. He was discussing on B.B.C. television the results to be expected from the Apollo 15 mission.

Dr. Agrell said after the programme: "If this was a terrestrial rock, what we have seen is rust." Dr. Agrell received from the American space agency a small section of rock found in the Fra Mauro area and analysed it with an electron probe.

NAMED AFTER POET

The results showed clearly a centre of pure iron, a surrounding halo of deep brown layers and the iron-ore glass matrix of the surrounding rock itself.

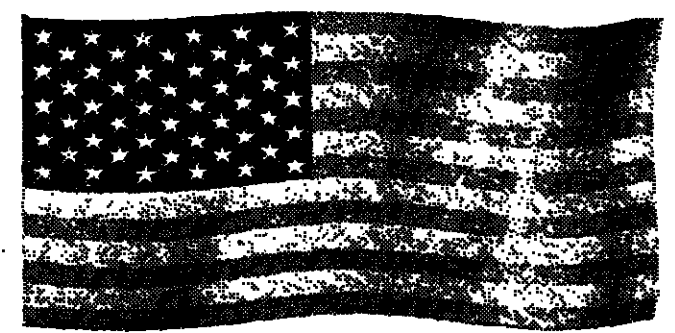
The deep reddish brown layers of rust contained 57 per cent iron, almost identical with an iron-containing mineral on earth called goethite, after the German poet and amateur scientist who discovered it at the turn of the 19th Century.

The origin of the water is still in doubt. It might have come from inside the Moon or have been carried there by a meteorite that impacted near the site where the Apollo 14 astronauts found the rock.

FROZEN WATER

Dr. Agrell hopes that Apollo 15 rock samples will help him to find an answer to this. There is no likelihood of finding open lakes or streams of water on the Moon.

But he agreed that his discovery lends support to the theory of Prof. Z. Kopal, of Manchester University, that there might be frozen water below the surface of the Moon.



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ENGLAND DROP JOHN SNOW

Sunday Telegraph Reporter

Fast bowler John Snow has been dropped for disciplinary reasons from the England team to meet India at Old Trafford on Thursday. This follows the incident at Lord's last Tuesday when Snow appeared to shoulder-charge an Indian batsman, Gavaskar, while he was going for a run.

Michael Melford—P. 22

LIONS WIN

The British Lions beat New Zealand by 13 points to 3 in the third Rugby Union international at Wellington, New Zealand, yesterday. They lead 2-1 in the four-match series.

LATE NEWS

LOVERS' LANE MURDER MAN AND POLICE

Man was at Torquay police station last night helping with inquiries into murder of Gill Ricketts, 16, of Paignton, in Lovers' Lane, Torquay.

LIONS WIN

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Lions match report—P. 27

Temper hotter in cruise ship

By R. BARRY O'BRIEN on board the Delphi at Rhodes

DRIVE to smarten up the Clarkson's cruise ship Delphi, 10,882 tons, started yesterday when the troubled vessel reached the eek island of Rhodes on the fifth day of her third 14-day Mediter-

ean cruise. Passengers are complain- that the ship, converted in the 19-year-old French go liner, Ferdinand de seps, is dirty a d inished.

n particular, complaints out the ship's air-condition- system are increasing as draws nearer to the Middle st. There has been little n of improvement in this pect.

he temperature in the din- saloon at 9.30 a.m. yesterday s 84 F., in spite of a cool eze in the harbour after a 12- r night passage from My- os. The cruise started at cona, Italy, last Monday.

ore passengers

Captain Letteris Porogiatis, the new master, who took n in Piraeus, on Wednesday, actually supervised the clean- of the swimming pool. But was unable to tell me what s wrong with the air-condi- ing.

air-conditioning is advertised the Clarkson's brochure as a plus feature. But in fact is an essential because of the y in which the ship is be- erted, to accommodate many e passengers than she was ginally designed for. Accommodation for 828 pas- sengers has been provided by dking cabins from former go decks. Two of the decks s deep in the hold below the ter line.

from my own investigations, appears that the main prob- n is that while the Italian- ide air-conditioning system is w, the Glasgow-made engines at provide the power for air ction-fans and cooling com- essors are not.

Clearly what has been happen- g is that the engines have been eaking down under the load posed upon them.

edical dangers

The air-conditioning position causing concern to the ship's edical staff because seven of e passengers have said they ve heart conditions. On the st cruise there were 11 cases heat rash (as distinct from rmal sunburn) and there have en three so far this cruise. Dr. John W. Carter, the ship's yth African-born medical fier, said: "I don't think the alth of the passengers is being fected but the air-conditioning ertainly not optimal; we have l complained about it. We were ven the impression that it ould be better.

"If anyone comes to me and I ink he needs a cabin with a orthotic, I will insist that he e one even if it means moving e passengers. I am advising passengers with heat rash to ear cool clothing and sit on ck."

The vagaries of the air-con- ditioning have led to a daily and ghly comedy of opening and osing windows. Passengers are ld by crew that windows must t be opened because it upsets e air-conditioning, but then ndows have to be closed be- cause the air-conditioning is t working. When passengers returned to e ship after a day ashore at ykonos on Friday the tempera- re in the main saloon reached

80 degrees Fahrenheit in spite of a cold breeze on deck.

Capt. Porogiatis took me up to the boat deck which had been cleaned with a scouring machine while the vessel was in Piraeus. "See how nice it is," he said. "It is a very nice ship."

But much of the ship, owned by Eftymiadis Lines, of Piraeus can only be described as scruffy. She clearly had to leave port for the start of the cruise season last month before she was really ready.

A general complaint of pas- sengers is that she is like an unfinished Spanish hotel. Out- side the spacious, well-furnished saloons and neatly decorated public areas, her appearance is not consistent with the artist's impression published in the Clarkson's brochure.

Cheap plastic fittings, like lav- atory seats and lampshades, are already broken. Points for electric shavers, a brochure fea- ture, are missing in my cabin and in many others.

No laundry

Old paintwork and rust show through new paint roughly ap- plied to railings, lifeboats and lifebelts.

The ship is still without two major facilities featured in the brochure—a discotheque, deep in the hold, and, more important, a shipboard laundry service.

Passengers who expected a laundry are accumulating dirty linen which is starting to smell in the hot, humid atmosphere. They have been told that they will have to wait until the ship reaches Beirut on Monday for it to be washed.

Clarkson's staff on board the ship privately agree that she started cruising before she was ready. They blame the Greek owners.

One said: "Even if the first cruise had been cancelled the ship probably would still not have been ready. Clarkson's knew this and started the sea- son in the hope that complaints by passengers would bring pres- sure on the owners."

10,000 Spoiled Holidays: Whose Fault?—P.4; Jensen—P.14

'Loyalist' loses \$2m. case

Sunday Telegraph Reporter Mr. A. K. Chesterton, 70, founder of the League of Empire Loyalists and until recently chairman of National Front, has broken the news to his followers that he has lost a lawsuit claim- ing between £750,000 and £2 million damages from the Bank of Chile.

Many supporters have lent money for the publication of Condor, a news-sheet which supports Mr. Kenneth Powell, Con- servative M.P. for Wolverhampton S.W., on the understanding that if the action were success- ful they would be repaid. Other- wise the loan would become a gift.

The lawsuit, which ended in the Supreme Court in Santiago, claimed that the Bank of Chile lost the will of the late Mr. R. K. Jeffery, a wealthy eccentric living in Chile, in which he is said to have left his estate to the League of Empire Loyalists.

NO FAMILY AS MOTHER RETURNS

By JOHN WEAVER

THE London mother, Mrs. Joan McCarthy, who abandoned her family to go on a three-week American holiday, will not be greeted by her children when she returns this week.

According to letters she has had a change of heart and has written home: "Forgive me." But the children will still be in the care of Hackney Council, who have sent them away to a holiday home in Essex.

A senior child welfare officer for the council said: "I am afraid I don't know when the children will be returned."

"They will be returned home when their holidays are over but it will depend on Mrs. McCarthy. We need to know the condition of the mother."

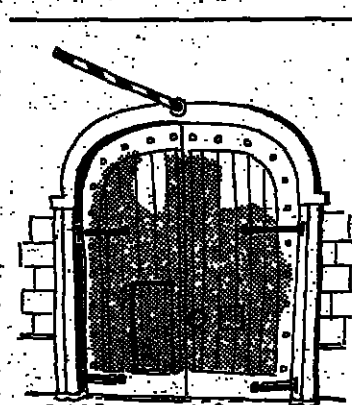
CHARTER FLIGHT

Mrs. McCarthy, 41, a widow, of Evering Road, Stoke Newington, abandoned her children Frank, 15, Maurice, 13, Robert, nine, Gordon, seven and John, five, before boarding a charter flight for America. She is due back on Thursday.

She had been depressed and in a state of nervous tension, according to her eldest son, Patrick, 19.

Today Patrick and his young bride, Lynne, who looked after the children for the first week of their mother's absence will visit them at the home.

Patrick said: "I don't know how they will react when they



hear they won't see Mum when she comes home. It could make them fret. I know they miss Mum."

FAMILY HELPED

Patrick and his wife were asked by police to look after the children half-an-hour after their mother had left. Patrick was told that if he looked after his brothers and sisters a court sus- pension order on him could be lifted.

Readers of The Sunday Tele- graph responded generously with cheques totaling £230 for the benefit of the family. One letter Patrick received from his mother said: "I have not enjoyed my holiday. I don't know if I am coming or going."

Royal hand for Chay

Sunday Telegraph Reporter Chay Blyth, the round-the-world yachtsman will receive a Royal welcome when he arrives home next Friday. Prince Philip has altered his plans to sail his yacht British Steel round the world "unhilt"—from east to west, against prevailing winds and currents.

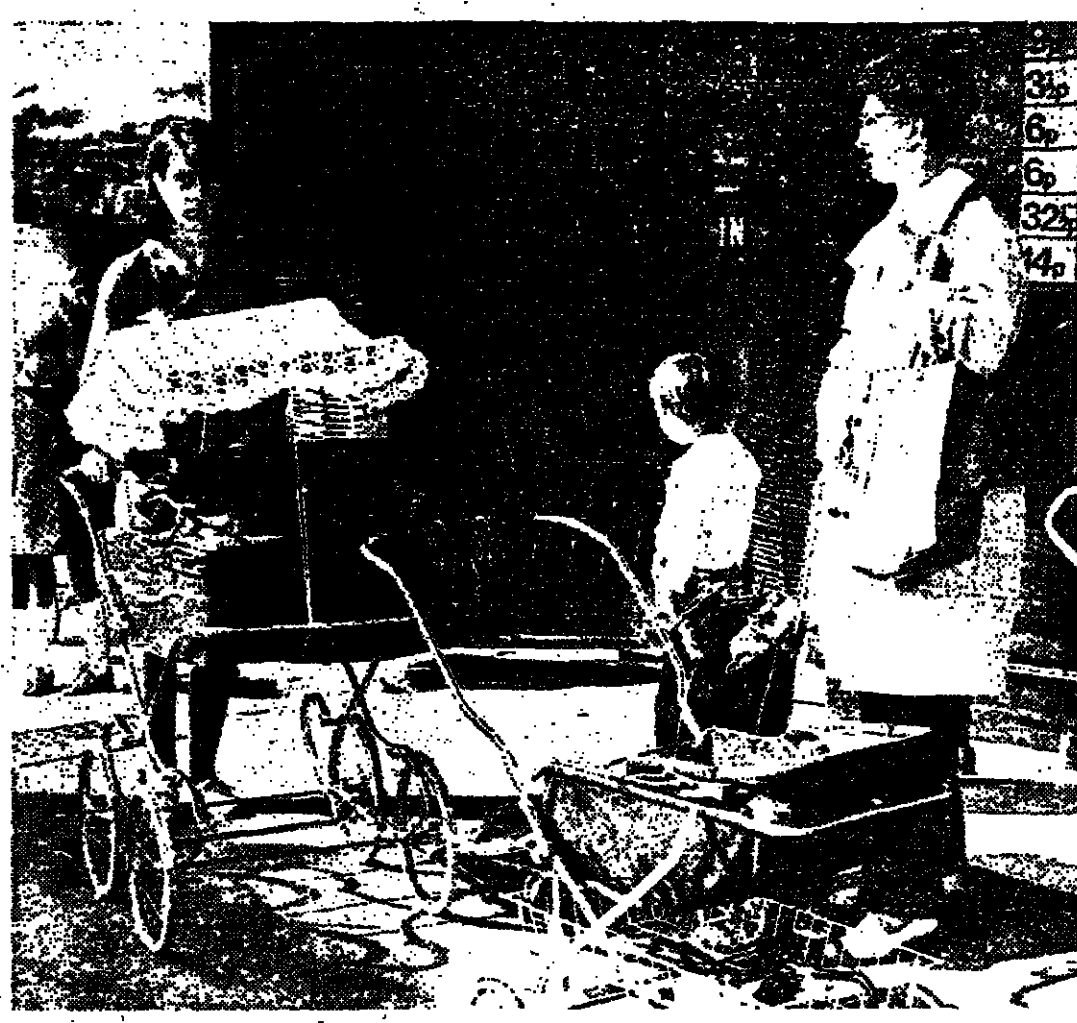
Prince Philip, and possibly Prince Charles as well will be on the pontoon of the Royal Southern Yacht Club to greet the lone yachtsman. He is due ashore just after noon.

Group defies festival ban

Sunday Telegraph Reporter Plans to hold a free pop festival in a 20-acre field at Duddleswell, Sussex, on the fringe of the Ashdown Forest, next Saturday, were going ahead last night despite the Department of Environment's ruling that it cannot be held without planning consent.

The organisers are the Tun- bridge Wells Arts Lab assisted by 12 groups including the Pink Fairies, which has a big follow- ing. Villagers complained that the field at Whitehouse Farm was not suitable for a large gather- ing to stay overnight and that there would be excessive noise. There was also the risk of fire to Ashdown Forest.

£25,000 WINNER The weekly £25,000 Premium Bond prize was won yesterday by bond number 518 001184. The winner lives in London.



MRS. PATRICIA WELLER, 24, pushing her empty pram yesterday in Broad Walk, Harlow, Essex, while re-enacting her Friday shopping journey, during which her daughter Denise, five months, was kidnapped outside a shop.

Lost baby: ginger man clue

A MAN with ginger hair was being hunted yester- day by detectives searching for the five-month-old baby girl who was kidnapped from her pram outside a shop.

A woman and a schoolboy have told police that they saw the man handling a baby on Friday, the day Denise Weller disappeared from outside a chemist's shop in Broadwalk, Harlow, Essex, as her mother shopped for baby food.

Det. Ch. Supt. Len White, head of Essex C.I.D., said last night the woman had seen a man handling a baby and turning it on its back in a pram outside Sainsbury's supermarket only two doors away from where Denise was taken.

The woman was suspicious and asked the man if it was his baby. He said no, and walked away. Later an 11-year-old schoolboy playing near the Wil- low Beauty public house, Hold- ings Road, Harlow, half a mile from the town centre, saw a man in a gold-coloured Vauxhall estate car. The back door was

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open and a baby was crying on the back seat.

Both witnesses said the man, aged between 30 and 40, was wearing a light blue shirt with a pleat at the back and had short, ginger hair combed back.

Det. Ch. Supt. White said: "This man may be able to help us with our inquiries. On the other hand, he may be entirely unconnected with the incident. If this is so, we should like him to come forward so that he can be eliminated from our inquiries."

More than 100 civilian volun- teers helped 160 police in the search for the baby yesterday.

Is this the moment you've been dreading?

A lot of people still don't like the idea of a pay cheque. They prefer "real money" in the shape of a brown envelope full of the folding stuff. But very often, their only reason against it is that they wouldn't know what to do with a cheque. Simple. Take it along to the National Westminster. There are 3,600 branches, so we're pretty easy to find.

Walk in and say you want to open an account; of course, you can open one with a little cash too. And from that moment on, life gets easier. Your money's there when you want it. You get a cheque book. A statement that tells you how much you've frittered away. And you can pay regular bills by standing order without having to think about it. These are just the basic Nat West services.

There are many more. Join us now and then you'll be ready for your firm the moment they switch to cheques. It could be any moment now.



National Westminster Bank Simply there to help

B.B.C. men in strike threat

BY OUR TV STAFF

THE B.B.C. faces a strike threat by more than 4,000 weekly-paid workers which could bring production at its studios to a halt.

The Association of Broad- casting Staff will meet B.B.C. executives tomorrow to tell them that branches through- out the country have voted in support of industrial action unless they increase their light-and-a-half per cent pay offer.

Under a dispute agreement the union will give the B.B.C. 21 days' notice before implement- ing the threat.

Unskilled workers, scene shifters, carpenters, craftsmen and technical staff are involved in full-scale stoppage would quickly close down production television programmes.

Although the B.B.C. would be able to keep programmes on the screen with recorded pro- ductions, all live shows would be affected.

Pay cut?

Long-term recording sched- ules would be hit. Recording would have to be postponed and the difficulty of re-engaging artists for later dates might re- sult in their ultimate cancella- tion.

Basic rates of pay for those involved range from £16 a week to £27. They are demanding a 10 per cent increase back-dated to March, but the B.B.C. has said that its light-and-a-half per cent offer, costing £500,000 a year, is the most it can afford.

The association maintains that the B.B.C. offer does not reach the level of the retail prices index rise since the present rates were agreed in June last year.

Surgeon's gift to woman

One of Britain's leading sur- geons, who parted from his wife in 1964, a year before their golden wedding, has left £10,000 and a house to another woman, Sir Heneage Ogilvie, who died in April, aged 85, left £93,112 gross, £91,507 net (duty £1,570,45).

To Miss Muriel Waterfall, of Clifton Road, Wimbledon, where he lived for the last seven years, he left £10,000 and "The Keep", at Bosham, Sussex. The remainder of his property went to his three children.

Sir Heneage, a former con- sulting surgeon at Guy's Hos- pital, said after he walked out of his home at Newell Court, St. John's Wood, in 1964, that his marriage had been "virtually a failure." He added: "Rather late in life, I have been fortunate enough to meet a remark- able woman, who is unquestion- ably a very brilliant chest surgeon."

Other Wills—P.4

SUNDAY MORNING WITH

Mandrake

Marriage behind the Russian pink ice curtain

THERE is quite a crush nowadays at the Wedding Palace in Leningrad. The short late Russian summer always brings on a date of marriages, and young Leningraders seem to refer the Wedding Palace verlocking the Neva River to the extraordinarily dour soviet District offices, which are the only alternative venues for weddings.

The Russians allow marriage services in any of the churches that remain open in the city, but addition of religion of any brand is officially disfavoured, and young couples have to go through a civil ceremony somewhere to get married.

Before the Revolution, the Wedding Palace belonged to a Prince Dmitri who had the conventional St. Petersburg taste of architectural chic sugar he put and white soufflé of the decor has been assiduously reserved, and it's possible Prince Dmitri if he returned could be favourably impressed.

One of his principal drawing rooms has been converted into a kind of Bride's Trousseau bureau, where wedding presents or the happy pair can be ordered and bought, though the choice of goods is rather limited. Another has been made into the round effect room, from which the Soviet female organisers strain if the Leningrad March and other heroic tunes played through loudspeakers from a tape recorder.

Downstairs, his panelled Gothic library is now the registry where a crowd of young Russians were busy registering their names for marriage after this year, and paying a 1-50 rouble fee for the privilege.

In the reception room on the first floor, a Soviet Deputy and a Female Clerk, "marry" a young couple, dressed for the event very much as they would be in Birmingham, the bride swathed in white tulle, the bridegroom girl in his Sunday best. (Sunday is a day off in Russia, and a day for walking out, but without any religious significance).

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In "Rocky Port" itself the inhabitants were obviously doing their best to refute Miss McCarthy. Unsliced bread had made a come-back. The waitress placed a cola bottle containing grey crystals on the table. "Raw sugar," she said.

Mr. Vance Wells, Senior, the proprietor of the Belle of Maine Canning Company, was a hard

Divorce—Italian style

ITALY'S judges may be suspiciously slow in granting divorces under the terms of the recent law which enables them to do so for the first time in history.

But the privileged few who are obtaining divorces are proving you are never too old for romance in that legendary land of Latin lovers.

Take the case of old Giuseppe. Finally his tangled love life has been sorted out after 55 years, eight off-spring, and a horde of grandchildren. At the age of 90, Giuseppe Di Piazza has obtained his "freedom", enabling him to marry the 82-year-old woman with whom he has been living since the first world war.

Giuseppe brushed an understandable tear from his eye as he said: "At last I can make an honest woman out of my old missus."

Or take the case of the 103-year-old grandmother, Mrs. Maria Arpesella married her husband Aldo in 1907. They had two children, but the marriage broke up seven years later and the couple separated.

Last January she applied to the local court for a divorce, and was granted one with exceptional speed because of what the judges call "profoundly human motives".

Does she intend to cash in on her new-found freedom by marrying again? Suddenly Maria becomes all coy and snaps: "Maybe I will. But it's none of your business, young man."



Lorna Dallas, co-star of London's "Showboat" revival.

Enter a Cherokee Princess

LORNA DALLAS just could not resist the temptation when she walked past the Royal Opera House at Covent Garden last May. The stage door was open, nobody was about, "so I just walked out and started singing."

"After a while someone started clapping. It was the stage manager. He offered to take my picture. My music teacher back in Indiana was hysterical when she saw it. She had sung in opera there."

Lorna thought it was marvelous being at Covent Garden, but, at 26, this dark-haired, brown-eyed bundle of energy is no stage-struck schoolgirl. Back

in London she is starring as Magnolia in a revival of "Showboat", which opened at the Adelphi, co-starring Cleo Laine, last Thursday.

In America she is a big name in musical comedy, television and cabaret. Here she is comparatively unknown, but "Showboat" could change all that. Her training was in opera—but she sings anything and paid her way through college by singing pop and jazz in the evenings.

Her high cheekbones reveal her Red Indian ancestry. "I'm a princess of the Cherokee tribe. What exactly does that mean? 'I don't know really, but I can't honestly say it has done anything for me.' Still, she hasn't

been scalped, which is just as well for us, because she has a lively sense of humour.

Anyone who could turn up for rehearsal in the recent heat-wave, wearing a polo-necked wool sweater and looking cool, and could then blandly tell fellow members of the cast that the temperature in her home state of Illinois was 107 the other day has Mandrake's admiration.

And the name Lorna Dallas, some publicist's dream? "No, it isn't my real name. Lorna after my father Loren. Dallas after my mother. Well, people do ask me if it's after the city. It is. You're joking, the city's named after me!"

Whew! What a super report!

MANDRAKE congratulates Mr. Glyn Davies, dynamic headmaster of the Matthew Arnold Secondary Modern School at Cumnor, Oxford, for having finally taken the nonsense out of end-of-term school reports.

Every parent knows, or ought to know, that most reports are a confidence trick, designed to give the impression either that the teacher knows the pupil intimately (in some schools class teachers are instructed to start each report with the Christian name of the pupil, as in "Jane has done better this term"—if someone can only be sure what the brat's name is in the first place) or that a hawk-eyed watch is being kept on academic standards (the "could do better" formula).

And of course every parent also knows that it's just a question of picking the right stock phrases. (We even know a teacher who wrote a report on a child she'd never taught, much to the sympathetic amusement of the rest of the staffroom.)

Mr. Davies cuts the need for cackle by providing a ready-made list of 51 phrases. All the teacher has to do is to choose one or two—or as many as seem to him proper—of these phrases, and scribble the numbers in the appropriate column. Thus in the accompanying example the figures against "English language" denote that the pupil in question is unable to concentrate for long periods (14), does unsatisfactory homework (15) and talks too much (29). Parents used to deciphering pools forms should

TERM	
TEST	REMARKS
ENGLISH	14 29
SCIENCE	10 11
ART	10 11
PHYSICS	10 11
CHEMISTRY	10 11
MATHEMATICS	10 11
MUSIC	10 11
SPORTS	10 11
GENERAL	10 11
ATTITUDE	10 11
PROGRESS	10 11
TEACHING	10 11
LEARNING	10 11
ADAPTATION	10 11
PERSONALITY	10 11
CHARACTER	10 11
INTELLECT	10 11
EMOTION	10 11
WILL	10 11
IMAGINATION	10 11
REASON	10 11
FEELING	10 11
THOUGHT	10 11
DEED	10 11
LANGUAGE	10 11
SCIENCE	10 11
ART	10 11
PHYSICS	10 11
CHEMISTRY	10 11
MATHEMATICS	10 11
MUSIC	10 11
SPORTS	10 11
GENERAL	10 11
ATTITUDE	10 11
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ADAPTATION	10 11
PERSONALITY	10 11
CHARACTER	10 11
INTELLECT	10 11
EMOTION	10 11
WILL	10 11
IMAGINATION	10 11
REASON	10 11
FEELING	10 11
THOUGHT	10 11
DEED	10 11

parents avail themselves of this facility, but admits that the parents who couldn't care less go on caring less.

"It takes an awful lot of time to make a full report," Mr. Davies explained to Mandrake. The Advisory Centre for Education, the editor of whose journal Where sent me this sample, is indignant about the Davies Report. "The worst ever," she calls it. I don't know. At least it's honest.

Nature: dead but won't lie down

IN Mary McCarthy's latest novel, "Birds of America," the spirit of Kant appears before the bird-watching hero Peter (he is delirious after being attacked by a swan) and delivers the book's message. "Nature is dead, mein kind," he declares, going one better than Nietzsche.

Absorbing this disturbing conclusion while on holiday in Maine not far from Miss McCarthy's "Rocky Port," where she seems to have had some embittering experiences, my Washington colleague, David Adamson, decided to investigate.

From the overgrown sheep pasture above the Damariscotta river which Adamson had rented, Nature appeared at first glance to be holding its own. There were two osprey nests within a mile, and seals goggled from the waters below. Only the lobsters were facing a new environmental hazard: the sea was stiff with stockbrokers who had cut out and taken to lobstering as an alternative livelihood.

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In Camden Harbour five schooners were at anchor, waiting for cargoes of plump, eternally 23-year-old secretaries ready to pay \$196 for an unpolluted week at sea, with evening shanties round the capstan and the chance of a crack at a youthful sailor. Brimming sacks in a store contained a variety of organically grown cereals and beans.

The salt cod, buttons and bean pot of the old days of Nature were alas unavailable. Adamson was just about to conclude that McCarthy-Kant were right after all when he discovered what, as a journalist, he is always searching for: the Balancing Factor: canned dandelion leaves. In this case.

man to get hold of, but at last he answered the phone. He was chary about giving sales figures but he revealed that he exported a few personal orders for canned dandelions to the Panama Canal Zone and Hawaii. What else did he can? "Fiddle-fern greens. That's all we do. Dandelions and fiddle-fern greens."

Adamson looked out at his sheep pasture and saw to his surprise that the place was full of fiddle-fern greens. Bracken shoots in British terms. His conclusion: Nature is alive and as well as can be expected and living in Maine.

Brummie brainwave

BRINGING a bit of Monaco to Birmingham. That is the plan of a group of high-powered Brummies who want to stage a Grand Prix through Birmingham city centre. "We have one of the most perfect race tracks in Britain going right through the city centre," explains the man behind the idea, Martin Hone.

He, incidentally, is a racing driver of the '60s and now operates a motor enthusiasts' night club near the city centre. His beard bristled when Mandrake suggested that maybe he was confusing a need for a Grand Prix in Birmingham with the profits his night club might be expected to make. "I have worked hard for two years to get this going. I have written hundreds of letters, talked to the police and R.A.C., flown to Barcelona at my own expense to look at the race they stage there, and spent hours of my own time talking to interested people to get this under way."

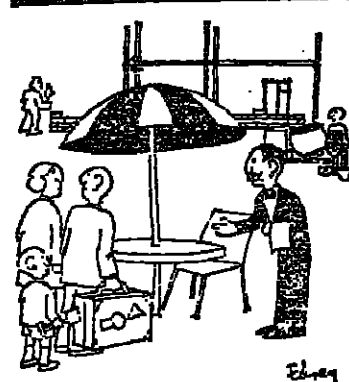
And Hone has drummed up some impressive support. Prince Rainier of Monaco has given his blessing. Graham Hill says it could work and now Birmingham's burly Socialist Lord Mayor, Alderman Vic Turton, has hustled his council along so that all the rules and regulations can be changed.

"The course we want to use is part of the Birmingham inner ring road. It is a bit shorter than the Monaco circuit."

Sounds like a worrying precedent. Why stop at Birmingham? Manchester, London, Liverpool and Leeds all have nice new tributes to the motor car in the form of expensive city road schemes that could be turned into one-day Silverstones.

"We thought of it first," says Mr. Hone, who is a passionate Brummie. "It is about time that Britain's second city was put on the map—this is a great way to do it." If the local council, Parliament, and the racing world agree, he could be dead right.

ODDmeant by EDNEY



"He says that our hotel hasn't been built yet, but if we would like to wait he will serve us with a drink."



It can say: 'Gran I've passed my exam.'

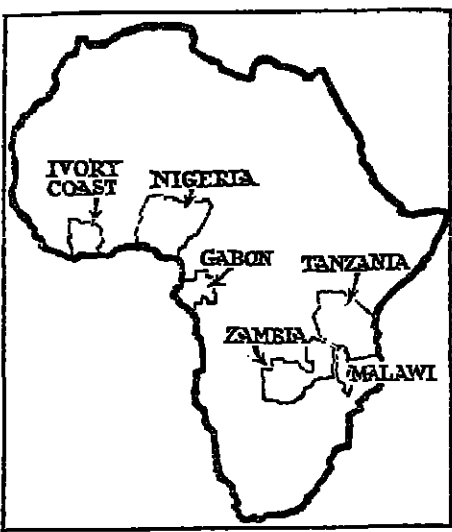
Your phone gets you closer to someone.

And if you dial direct after six p.m. weekdays, or anytime at the weekend, you'll get at least twice as long for your money for most of the calls you make.

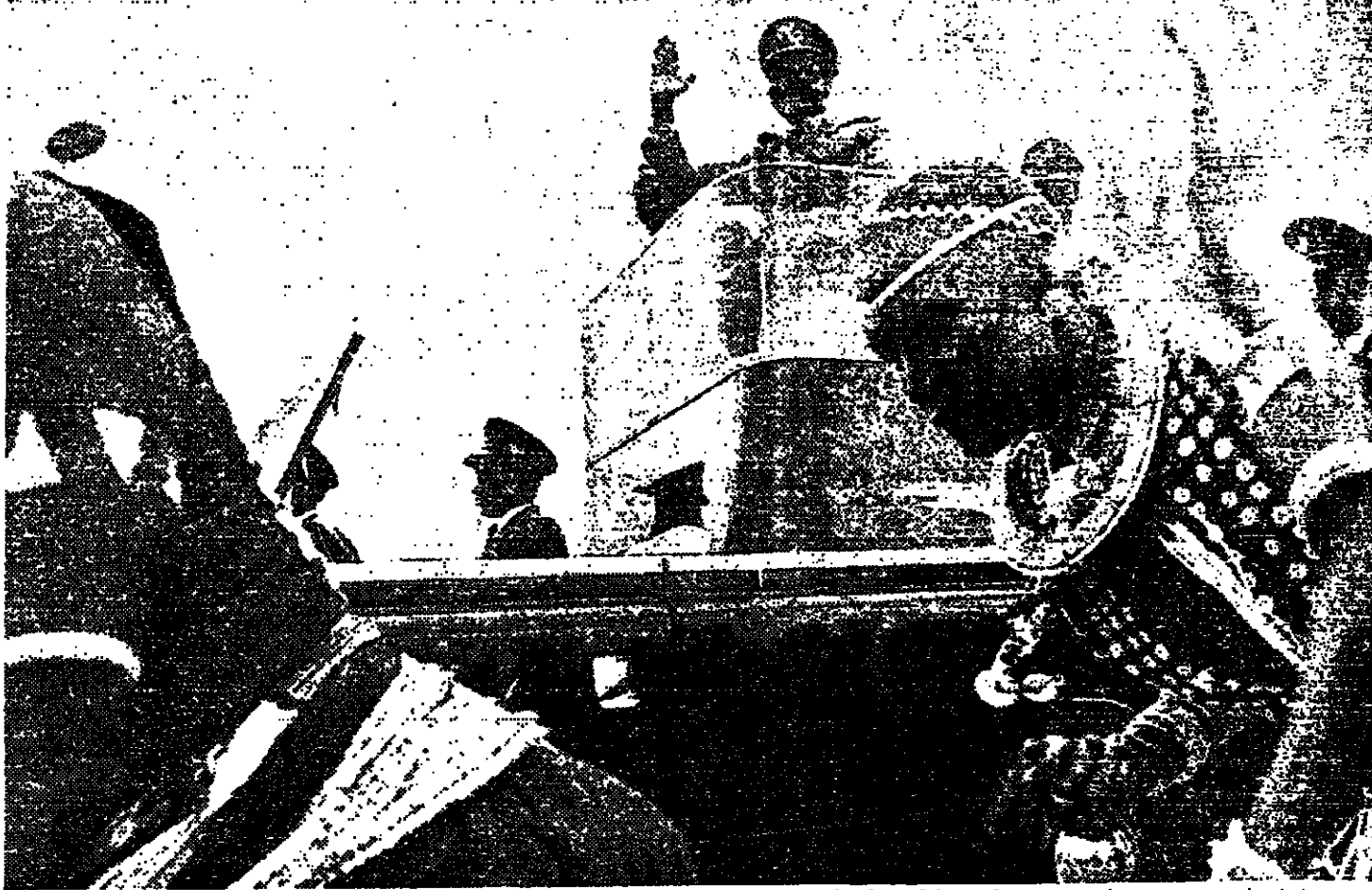
Post Office Telecommunications



After a decade of independence, the countries of black Africa are distinguishable not so much by their differing degrees of economic and political progress as by the personalities and life-styles of the men at the top. Some of these leaders pursue extravagant dreams, others struggle to sustain a personal example of modest living in a climate where the mass of the people is ever more widely separated from the growing élite of government servants. All face broadly the same sort of problem: the old colonial rule has been succeeded by Western commercial and industrial domination. Leonard Barnes, a long-time observer of colonialisation in Africa, describes in a recent book, "Africa in Eclipse" (Collins, £3), how foreign aid has created a parasitic caste of officials who absorb more and more of the public revenue—a case of what he calls the theft-economy replacing the profit motive. Ultimate power in most of these countries still lies with individuals, for all their formal obeisance to parliamentary democracy. The survey below takes six national leaders, three in East Africa and three in West Africa, and shows how they fit into the pattern.



SIMON DRING reports



Nigeria's Major General Gowon... enjoying his role as an international statesman

HOUPHOUET

Ivory Coast

'He believes people should be rich'

IN any list of African leaders President Félix Houphouët-Boigny must rank high. France's boast, and Houphouët's, is that his Ivory Coast is one of the most prosperous and stable territories in Africa today. But behind the glittering window that the capital, Abidjan, presents to the world there is a great deal of discontent and growing disillusionment with the policies of Houphouët's Government.

The son of a prosperous planter, Houphouët is said to have amassed a personal fortune of over £70m.—most of it coming from his vast estates around Yamoussoukro, 110 miles north of the capital.

As the country's "premier peasant"—as he likes to be called—he takes a great deal of interest in his land. But his greatest joy is the 2,000 million dollar African Riviera, a tourist and business centre which he plans to have tacked onto Abidjan before the end of the 1980's. Houphouët dreams of making Abidjan the doorway to developing Africa. He has relentlessly pursued this course, helped by the French and inspired by the brilliant urban planning of a leading Israeli businessman, all too often at the expense of other forms of vitally needed development.

Houphouët is nevertheless an able and intelligent politician. In November, 1946, only two years after emerging on the colonial political scene, Félix Houphouët was elected to the French National Assembly. He celebrated the occasion by adding to his name the word "Boigny"—meaning "irresistible force"—or "the ram"—depending on which dialect is used.

His supreme confidence in himself has proved to be not without foundation. In 1951 he committed the Ivory Coast to be "the most splendid and most loyal territory in the French Union." In the years that followed he became a French Minister and led a French delegation to the United Nations in 1959. By 1961 he was President and living in his £4m. French-financed Presidential palace.

"Houphouët" as a close associate put it, "sees no place for the dignity of the free black man. His roots are in France. His philosophy stems from his belief in the traditional life of the African chief."

"He believes people should be rich. He believes in possessions. He feels that if the white man can come to the Ivory Coast and see how the President lives, dresses, behaves, then the white man will know that somebody else can do it all as well as he can."

That perhaps is too simple a judgment of the man. But it is true that he has allowed the French, even after independence in 1961, to maintain and build on their colonial position. In the Ivory Coast today they control an estimated 80 per cent. of the commerce. In 1961 there were 10,000 Frenchmen in the country. Now there are 35,000, of whom some 7,000 are involved in the administration of the country. Abidjan is like an African Paris, which is what Houphouët wanted it to be. Some evenings in the centre of town when the cinemas empty you cannot see a black face among the crowds.

The French are present in every walk of life. Free medical services have more or less broken down because the French control the inflow of drugs. It is possible for the peasant to get advice free, but when it comes to medicine he has to buy at exorbitant prices on the open market.

One of Houphouët's key words is "dialogue." African chiefs traditionally solve all their problems by sitting around and talking about them. Houphouët believes in doing the same.

"The conversation is always very much one-sided," one diplomat commented. "All you need to do is get him going and then sit back and listen. There is no point in trying to do anything else."

Perhaps Houphouët's proudest achievement is the 35m. dollar Hotel Ivoire, the most expensive and sumptuous hotel in Africa.

But soon it will be dwarfed by what must be the most daring piece of urban development in the world. The African Riviera will be a complete new city for 120,000 people, an African business centre, and an exhibition site and tourist resort. Six villages will be preserved within this vast garden city complex and turned into handicraft centres. They will probably provide low-

cost housing for 20,000. But the rest will, as one local businessman put it, be "up for grabs."

Houphouët is planning to put budgetary allotments into this project that would have been used for urban development in the slum areas of Abidjan. "This, after all, is urban development and," will provide housing for thousands," says Moshe Mayer, the Israeli businessman who has started to make Houphouët's dream a reality. But he failed to point out that it will cater mainly for the rich elite, and is likely to lead to uncontrolled rent exploitation.

Meanwhile, across the bridges leading into Abidjan, the lives of the Africans in the townships have hardly changed in the past five years. Most of the roads remain unpaved, the houses dark and cramped and when it rains almost uninhabitable. Unemployment, although officially put at 10 per cent. in a city with a population nearing 500,000, is known to be closer to 45 per cent. Education in the rural areas is grossly neglected. Almost as much money is spent in a year on the Presidency as on agriculture.

Houphouët has a choice of houses in Abidjan. He does not usually stay in the palace but in another house in town. He has built a third one in the European section where his wife spends most of her time. At the weekends he flies to his estates in Yamoussoukro, and he usually spends two to three months a year on holiday at his villa in Geneva or in Paris.

He is a devout Catholic and goes to Mass every Sunday—usually without an escort. "To be like everyone else." He does not read except for Government papers and rarely addresses public rallies of more than 200-300 people. His salary—undisclosed—is believed to be about £1,500 a month plus all expenses.

BANDA

Malawi

Whatever else, he is a dictator

THERE is a hill not far from the centre of Blantyre where Dr. Hastings Kamuzu Banda, Malawi's President for life, has been building a presidential palace since 1967. It was originally estimated to cost £350,000. Now it is unlikely to be completed for much under £3m.

"He keeps changing his mind about the design," said one old resident. "He will go up there one afternoon and decide he does not like the shape of the windows—so they all have to come out."

Dr. Banda, now 65, is also building a £1m. residence at Lilongwe, the site of the new start-from-scratch £25m. capital where by 1976 he expects to spend most of his time. If he does not like either place he can stay at the State House at Zomba, recently renovated for £250,000, or at any of the state lodges at Blantyre, Lilongwe, Kusungu (where he also has a private house), Mizuzu or one on the edge of Lake Malawi. All this in a country with an annual revenue of not quite £20m.

The official reason for starting the Blantyre palace was to have a place suitable for the Queen to stay in if she came to Malawi. That thought occurred to somebody shortly after the Duke of Edinburgh made a brief visit to the country at the time of independence. Since then it has grown and grown, and now includes a presidential residence, offices, a security wing and an underground entrance. All villages within a mile of its buildings are going to have to move and at one stage the Government tried to persuade Britain to provide plans for a multi-lane motorway to lead from the city to the residence. The request was quietly ignored.

In many respects Dr. Banda is Africa's odd-man out. One of the old guard nationalists and an architect of independence, he now stands ridiculed by most of his black neighbours for his policy of friendship and co-operation with the white-ruled states of Southern Africa. "You can kill apartheid with kindness," he maintains.

Whatever else he may be, Banda is a dictator. There is little that takes place at any level in Malawi that does not quickly reach his ears. He sees every single word published or broadcast about his country. Only he can address the people by radio.

At the centre of the personality cult is a man who is certainly no fool. In six years of independence he has steered Malawi, once regarded as the Commonwealth's most un-viable economic unit, onto a comparatively peaceful and prosperous course, thanks in

Life at the top in black Africa

part to generous South African and British aid. He has been far-sighted enough to keep the Army Command and some key Government posts in the hands of white expatriates, who are not susceptible to tribal pressures, and he inveighs constantly against corruption at all levels.

However, little is said about Dr. Banda's own commercial interests. He is known to own at least three large tobacco estates in Malawi. In 1969 a business called Press Holdings Ltd. was formed in Blantyre. Almost overnight it developed into one of the largest corporations in the country. In 1970 shareholdings in the company were revealed. Dr. Banda, as chairman of the directors, held 4,999. His right-hand man, Mr. Aleke Banda (no relation), the 32-year-old Minister of Finance, Information and Tourism, and Secretary-General of the all-powerful Malawi Congress party, as vice-chairman, held one share.

Press Holdings Ltd. now has numerous subsidiaries extending into almost every area of commerce. It is believed to own some 50 tobacco farms.

Dr. Banda has also just bought for £150,000 a local newspaper from which it is estimated he makes £25,000 a year. As President of Malawi he is paid £8,000 a year, and his Congress party pays for his expenses and trips abroad.

A Government source close to the President explained that his involvement in these companies is in keeping with the policy of concentrating Malawi's basic resources in the hands of the Malawians, and that much of the profit went straight into the funds of the party. But would it not be more simple to nationalise the farms and so on? No; Dr. Banda does not like nationalisation.

It is unlikely that anybody will question these policies. All forms of dissent in Malawi are silenced. Fear of Kamuzu and his large ears is very real among both black and white.

However eccentric, Dr. Banda's autocracy is on the whole accepted as paternal and the lot of the average Malawian has undoubtedly improved slightly under his rule. But his popularity is waning. Subversive political activities by exiled members of his Government have unsettled the countryside and the more he develops the cities and his personal way of life the easier it is for opposition against him to crystallise.

In his defence, an associate explained: "He feels and acts like the traditional African chief. His style of living befits the dignity of such a role. There is no question of his being corrupt or using his position for the sake of his own pocket." And Banda's own boast is that not one cent of foreign aid is mispent.

KAUNDA

Zambia

Above all he is dedicated

DR. KENNETH KAUNDA, school teacher, farmer and now President of copper-rich Zambia, often breaks down and cries in public. He also laughs a great deal, jokes, shouts, waves his arms and insists on singing in a lyrical baritone the same African folk song before beginning any of his speeches.

Yet for all his apparent emotional simplicity he is a skilful, dedicated and hard-working politician who has campaigned tirelessly for his country's independence since 1949. It was in that year that he took his first step on the road that led to the Presidency, working as a regional organiser for the

African National Congress party, now in opposition.

The years have left their mark, but the 48-year-old broad-shouldered, muscular K.K., as he is known, seems to have a never-ending supply of energy. He has needed all the energy he could muster to help Zambia to survive the economic consequences of sanctions against Rhodesia.

In the past six years his anti-Rhodesian policies have led to increasing friction between the white and black urban populations and the emergence of dangerous rivalry between the country's major (although small in number) tribal groups. This and the resulting manoeuvring between tribal factions within the Government led a saddened and alarmed Kaunda to declare that 1971 would be "our year of discipline." In six months he purged his Cabinet, pushed through key political reforms and outlawed two powerful tribal cabals ("nothing but petty mafias") within his United National Independence party.

He is well aware of the danger of a President becoming too much a figurehead and not enough a leader. Although his life-style is undoubtedly that of a President, he says in private that he hates the fanfares and thunderous receptions.

He is becoming increasingly frustrated, too, with the security which surrounds him, his wife Betty and their nine children at State House. "I can not even go for a run in the morning without someone coming up and saying 'Excuse me, sir, but I don't think you had better go any further.'" So a house is being built on the outskirts of Lusaka to get him away from 24-hour contact with the Government.

K.K. works very demanding hours, from six in the morning right through the day and often late into the evening. What has been described as his "fervent work schedule" has alarmed many of his colleagues and medical advisers, so much so that the Cabinet finally demanded that he at least take a rest after lunch.

Apart from work his reading is extensive, he is very fond of music, plays the piano and is a devout Christian.

His home life is simple, and his straight-forward life-style is reflected in his approach to government. He is strongly against corruption, and the Government is surprisingly free from such practices, although Ministers and high officials indulge in high living. He is also a very patient man, but his emotional reactions can be extreme. In fact some of his critics argue that he is more dangerous than he appears and that "knowingly or unwittingly he does a lot of harm."

One old friend claims he suffers from an acute inferiority complex, and that he is using his active youth brigade "to terrorise opponents." It is true to a certain extent that for all K.K.'s talk of "humanism" life in the rural areas has not improved much since independence in 1964. Development has been piecemeal and has always tended to follow the line of rail leading to the copperbelt. The drift to the towns is growing and there is already serious urban unemployment.

But considering that at the time of independence there were only four African doctors, half a dozen lawyers and one engineer, K.K. has built up a fairly comprehensive education system, a modern and lively university and gone a long way towards his goal of "putting a pint of milk and an egg on every Zambian's breakfast table and a pair of shoes on every Zambian's feet."

Despite K.K.'s moderate, non-racialist, non-violent political philosophy (inspired by Gandhi and Abraham Lincoln) he is going to find himself coping with a growing anti-white feeling combined with the same tribal rumblings he tried to suppress last year. Whether he can do it remains to be seen.

GOWON

Nigeria

Is he a figurehead?

JACK GOWON uses the waiting room in his house as a chapel on Sundays. The cupboards are full of hymnbooks and a piano stands in one corner. His office is minute and sparsely furnished. For someone who is generally regarded as one of Africa's leading statesmen, Major General Yakubu Gowon, 35, leads a remarkably simple life.

He adores children. Finds it difficult to refuse to sign autographs, reads the bible every day, does not drink or smoke, plays an energetic and skilful game of squash, enjoys photography and bird-watching and is disarmingly modest to talk to.

But the image is changing. He is obviously beginning to enjoy his job and his role as an international statesman. Since the end of the Nigerian civil war he has developed into a leader with a sense of maturity. Despite his public promise to hand back the country to civilian rule by 1976, it is generally thought that he will stay on as a President with limited executive powers.

Just how much General Gowon is a figurehead and not the man actually in charge is a subject of keen discussion. There is no doubt that he is protected and his image kept bright by the people around him and that it is becoming increasingly difficult to get in to see him, not by his wish but by that of others.

He is certainly no dictator and according to Government sources he rarely, if ever, bangs the table at meetings of the Supreme Council or even insists on being heard. On the other hand, his continued absence this past year on State visits abroad has definitely slowed down the decision-making process. There is growing public criticism of this, and leading Nigerians outside the Government are worried that he is forsaking Nigerian unity for African unity.

A member of one of Nigeria's minor northern tribes and born the son of a village religious leader, Gowon took an early interest in the Army and enlisted in the West African force while still under 20. He was later sent to Britain, where he trained at Sandhurst and Eaton Hall. Brought to power in a military coup in 1966 Gowon has remained a neutral figure in a country plagued with the problems of tribalism.

"Whoever thought of him was a wise man," said one observer. "The only worrying thing is that whoever it was is still around and perhaps still very much in command."

The life style and personality of General Gowon conflict strongly with what is happening in the country today. There is no doubt that he himself is above corruption and that he deplores such practices, yet parts of his Government, the civil service and sections of the Army are probably the most corrupt in Africa.

Social services, water, sewage, and electricity, especially in the suburban slum areas, are continually on the verge of breakdown. Yet Nigeria is enormously wealthy and its potential revenue from oil should make it one of the strongest countries in Africa.

Businessmen in Lagos talk about high officials in Ministries refusing to give the go-ahead for contracts without at least a 10 per cent. cut.

There is an active and growing black market, and Customs duties are easily avoidable as long as payments are made to the right officials. Although all this is well-known, General Gowon appears to be powerless to do anything about it.

Figurehead or not, General Gowon is a symbol of austerity much needed in a land well known for its excesses. When in Nigeria he works hard. He was known to favour reducing the 250,000-strong Army and using the men for reconstruction after the war. But he failed, despite pressure from Chief Awolowo, the most highly regarded member of the Government until his resignation earlier this year.

General Gowon lives in a small two-storeyed house just inside the gates of Dodan Barracks in the centre of Lagos. He is a gentle and tolerant man, although prone to sudden temper and, equally, to overwhelming surges of humility. A Protestant and regular churchgoer, he often reads the lesson and every Sunday invites people to pray with him in his waiting-room chapel.

He is not a wealthy man and

his undisclosed salary, although undoubtedly substantial, is meagre compared with the income of some African leaders. But budgetary allowances for the Cabinet Office are substantial. In 1968-69, for example, it received over £6m, almost double the amount designated for the Ministry of Health. He is not involved in any commercial enterprises.

He married in 1969 and has one son. His deep, if childlike, belief in religion and the need for sincerity and honesty disturbs some people. A recent visitor described him as "verging on the fanatical. It is almost as though he feels he is there by divine intervention."

A highly-placed Nigerian official said: "He has matured a great deal in the past year. He has become much more of a statesman. But he is allowing himself to get too carried away with his position and he is not ready yet for a role as an African leader."

NYERERE

Tanzania

He lives the simple life

PRESIDENT JULIUS KAMBARAGE NYERERE of Tanzania is perhaps the lowest paid of all the African leaders, and without doubt he is the most austere in his day-to-day life. When he is not on visits to the countryside, he lives a quiet, simple life with his wife and eight children in a modest beach house outside Dar-es-Salaam, built in 1965 with the help of a bank loan.

Nyerere once told a visitor he preferred living there rather than in the splendour of the former colonial governor's State House because "I want to be like everyone else and go home from the office every night." That sums up the philosophy of the 49-year-old man who is known with genuine affection by his people as Mwalimu—"the teacher."

Son of the 18th wife of a minor tribal chief, Nyerere was born into poverty and has been fighting it ever since; fighting ignorance too, and striving for freedom from the colonial ties that still linger in most parts of Africa today. A man of unbending principle, he has pursued these aims, often at the expense of broken friendships, loss of urgently needed foreign aid, and the increasing isolation of his country.

Nyerere entered politics comparatively late in life. The first Tanganyikan to go to a British university, he returned, a socialist, from Edinburgh in 1950 to teach. This he gave up in 1952 to found the Tanganyikan African National Union party, with which he led the country to independence in 1963 and through which he rules it today.

There were early signs at school of his preoccupation with the underprivileged. But the turning point in his political life was his visit to China in 1965. He returned much impressed by the frugality of the Chinese. He banned all but beer and soft drinks at Government functions, and forbade the purchase of expensive cars for officials.

Since then he has pursued the classic socialist theme of equal pay for all (which appeals those on higher wages) and trying to break down the influence of Western investors in the country, nationalising banks and, more recently, public transport and property.

Nyerere is a devout Catholic. He has given up smoking, and drinks only the occasional glass of sherry or champagne at social functions. His principal hobby is reading, and he spends a great deal of time translating Shakespeare into Swahili. He has just finished "Julius Caesar" which he has put into an African context.

Although inevitably accompanied by bodyguards, he insists on the minimum amount of fuss when he travels around. He often turns up in the stalls of the local cinemas or at the offices of local companies to talk to workers and to exchange ideas and accept and discuss criticisms of his policies.

"I do not want to become the greatest public nuisance in Tanzania," he once observed. "As a result of growing insistence on compositeness and ostentation the President is fast becoming just that."

About one-third of Nyerere's working year is spent in the villages, encouraging and making changes in his "Ujama" policy of self-help. But despite all his good intentions and his fervent belief that socialism is the best course for Tanzania, Nyerere is pessimistic.

Continued on next page.

SHORT STORY

The Song of the Wren

by H. E. BATES

MISS SHUTTLEWORTH, moving with an air of delicate vacancy at also had something quite seriously studious about it, walked up and down the banks of the little stream, carefully distributing various sandwiches from a big blue plate.

Those of cucumber she placed on a large stone urn filled with budding petunias. Half a dozen of tomato arranged about a clump of wild flowers growing at the water's edge. An assortment of anchovy paste, cream cheese, blackberry jam and gentleman's Relish she set out at carefully measured intervals on the lawn at bordered the stream. When all had been distributed she stood back in silence of contemplation that was most reverent, surveying the result as if it were some fastidiously moulded work of art.

Finally she sat down on the lawn, her carefully folded and tucked under her, and stared dreamily, first at the sandwiches and then at the water. In the warm June sunshine, she was wearing a floppy pink cotton dress and an even floppier pink straw hat from which straggling grey curls fell untidily to her shoulders. She looked not unlike a big, resting pink oth. Her intense blue eyes, large in concentration, gave her the impression not belonging, quite, to this world.

Presently the eyes gave a sudden utter of expectancy and then of positive, almost child-like delight.

"We're not alone, we're not alone," she suddenly said in a sort of expanding whisper, "we're not alone, we're not alone."

Two pairs of birds, a male and female blue tit, then a male and female bunting, flew with a delicate flicker over the stream, the blue tits going straight for the cream cheese, the bunting for the gentleman's Relish.

"Good, good, good," Miss Shuttleworth said again in a carefully expanded whisper, "Splendid, splendid, splendid creatures."

Amazing how they knew, Miss Shuttleworth told herself. How did they know? Why was it the chaffinches always went, without fail, for the gentleman's Relish and the blue tits for the cream cheese? Was it by some divine intuition or something of that sort? Or perhaps a question of taste? However it was, it struck her, always, as being little short of miraculous.

Half a minute later her wonder at these things was being enlarged to include a cock robin flying perkily over the clump of yellow irises.

"Don't fail me, don't fail me," Miss Shuttleworth whispered, "don't, fail me."

Before she had finished speaking the robin had settled among the tomato sandwiches. Now why always the tomato? Frequently Miss Shuttleworth was disposed to tell herself that it had something to do with coloration, the red of the tomato having some mysterious affinity with the red of the robin's breast. Could that be it? The fact that there was no answer merely served to increase her wonder.

It was still further increased when a bevy of sparrows descended in chattering disarray on the anchovy paste, quarrelling greedily. She watched it all with excitement, well knowing that when the anchovy paste had all gone there would be a shrill rush for the blackberry jam. It was just like a properly organised meal, with the fish being followed by a sweet course. Naturally it didn't always work out quite like that, sparrows being what they were. Often they flouted the rules and raided the robin's tomato. Not that you could play fast and loose with cock robins for long. They were sharp enough to have their own back in no time.

Over on the far side of the stream a wren was singing his heart out in a willow tree, the notes pure silver. The wren too was a source of wonder. Why did the wren never, ever come to the sandwiches? Purely a matter of taste? She had asked herself these and a dozen other questions time and time again and had never come up, yet, with an answer.

For fully another three or four minutes she sat utterly absorbed in the brilliance of the wren's song, embalmed in a trance of fascination.

"Excuse me, madam."

It was less the voice of a man speaking from somewhere behind her than the surprised fluttering of disturbed birds.



DRAWN BY JOANNA CAREY

sparrows, chaffinches and the cock robin that suddenly woke her out of her song-imprisoned trance.

"Oh! you startled me. Why—"

"I must apologise for the intrusion, madam. But I'm engaged in making a social survey and I wondered if you would mind answering a few questions."

"A survey? About what? Why me? Is it something personal?"

"It's a general survey on a great variety of subjects."

"What is the point of it?"

"Eventually all the answers will go into a computer and the results will, I hope, become a book."

Miss Shuttleworth could think of nothing to say. She thought the man was perhaps 35. His large, black-rimmed glasses did not conceal the deadly seriousness of his eyes.

He now proceeded to sit down on the grass, at the same time producing from an attaché case a thick blue notebook, several sheets of foolscap paper and a ball-point pen. A consultation of

give a sort of sneeze sometimes. Of course they're great imitators, starlings. I suppose they might well pick it up from us humans. The sneezing I mean."

In silent disbelief the man stared at his notebook, momentarily lost in a trance of his own. Coming out of it at last he said:

"Oh! by the way, my name's Adamson. Would you mind if I asked you a few questions now?"

"Oh! ask away. For the life of me I can't think what I can do to help. I mean, why me?"

"It isn't merely a question of one person. It's a complex cross-section and sub-sections of views on an infinity of subjects. From them the computer will build up a picture. For instance what do you think about the Common Market?"

"What market?"

"The Common Market. What are your views on that?"

Miss Shuttleworth, eyes slowly revolving in order to catch a possible glimpse of birds coming back, was obliged to confess she had never heard of the Common Market.

"Oh! but you must have. After all it's been top news in all the papers for weeks."

Miss Shuttleworth was also obliged to confess that she never read newspapers.

"But you must have heard it mentioned on radio or television. Or both."

Miss Shuttleworth was now obliged to confess that she had neither radio nor television, a confession that caused Mr. Adamson to make a protracted entry in his notebook.

"Well, what about space? What are your views on that? You see any purpose, for instance, in further exploration?"

"I often wonder what birds think about when they're flying about in space. Do you suppose birds think?"

"No. Not in the sense that we do."

"But I do, you see, I do. I mean the sandwiches, for instance. They must think about those, you see. It must be conscious thought that makes them do what they do."

"Oh! Well, we'll leave space for the moment. What about the permissive society?"

"The what society?"

"The permissive society."

"Is it for the prevention of something? I never heard of it. Can one join?"

"Not exactly. It's a sort of breaking down of rigid rules and pre-accepted social behaviour and moral attitudes and so on. I mean should the young indulge in pre-marital intercourse for instance?"

"Well, they always have, haven't they?"

"What I mean is that there seems to be an entirely new manifestation of it. Do you approve of that or not?"

"Birds don't get married, do they? Why should humans, simply in order to propagate the species?"

With a population of only half a million and such great potential wealth, the great majority of Gabon's people live on an average annual wage of about £28. Yet the average salary in the Civil Service is £1,000 a year.

There is not much corruption but a great deal of nepotism with Ministers quite openly filling key posts under them with relatives or people from the same tribe. Bongo himself has avoided such things, although his 100-man presidential guard is made up entirely of his own tribespeople.

There is little serious opposition to him, but there is growing disillusionment with his policies.

Bongo has a Mercedes 600, a bullet-proof American car, several French and German cars and is now awaiting delivery of two Rolls-Royces. Despite the leaning towards the French, Bongo works hard and spends most of the day at his desk. He became President in 1966 at the age of 30, only six years after leaving the Air Force to enter political life. It is generally accepted that the French chose and groomed him.

Bongo's announced policy is to develop the country as fast as possible. To this end he has

continued and if anything strengthened Gabon's ties with France, but at the same time he has opened up the country to American and other Western investors. However, the liberal investment code has led to a situation where Gabon's internal revenue comes almost entirely from a stagnant agricultural economy and import taxes, while the real wealth—the manganese, uranium and iron ore—is being exploited by Western investors, with virtually no Government control over the repatriation of profits.

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an apostle as any who fished the Sea of Galilee."

"Well, we'll leave religion. What about life after death?"

"Now I've a question for you. I was asked it by a small boy the other day. He comes into the garden sometimes with his fishing rod and a bent pin and a worm and tries to catch fish in the stream. And the other day as he was putting a worm on his hook he asked me if I thought a worm had a heart? Now there's a question for your computer."

"Possibly. But hardly one of much social significance."

"I disagree. I disagree. Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?"

"I'm sorry, but I think we're straying from the main purpose."

"Surely not. The question of whether a worm has a heart or whether two sparrows are sold for a farthing is just as significant as your permissive market."

"Society."

"But society is a market. In which, if I'm not much mistaken, sex is sold."

"Yes, yes. Do you mind if I make a note?" With serious concentration Mr. Adamson made a note in his big blue book. After doing so he took off his spectacles, breathed on them and then polished the lenses with his handkerchief. As he did this his eyes looked remarkably, even innocently, naked.

He then turned to his sheets of foolscap. On them were a number of questions for which he still sought answers: abortion, the multi-racial society, immigration, the pill and whether sex should be taught in schools, but suddenly, before he could ask Miss Shuttleworth for her views on such matters, she leapt to her feet as if startled.

"Good gracious, I hear the church clock striking twelve! I must go and feed the hens. They'll never forgive me if I forget them. I have one that talks, you know."

"Indeed."

"In her own language of course, though I understand it perfectly—as in fact I should by now. I've had her donkey's years. Of course, people are inclined to laugh when I say I hold conversations with a hen, but after all people talk to their dogs, don't they? And anyway I'd rather talk to my Biddy than to a lot of people I could name. You will forgive me if I go?"

"I'll forgive you if you go."

"I'll forgive you if you go."

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H. E. BATES, now 66, creator of the Larkin family and author of the best-seller, "Fair Stood the Wind for France," has 22 novels and 19 collections of short stories to his credit, besides three R.A.F. stories under the pseudonym of "Flying Officer X." His latest publication is a garden book, "A Love of Flowers," and an instalment of autobiography is due in October. This new story, characteristically set in the English countryside, has been written specially for our series.

"Of course. Thank you for giving me so much of your time."

"Why don't you come too?" Miss Shuttleworth actually laughed, her voice pitched excitedly high. "You could ask Biddy a question for your computer. For instance what it feels like to go cluck."

"Cluck?"

"Broody. Cluck is the local word. Sometimes I feel like going cluck myself. Do you ever?"

Mr. Adamson refrained from saying whether he himself ever felt like going cluck and proceeded to pack his notebook and papers into his attaché case.

"I must fly!" Miss Shuttleworth said. "Fly. Do excuse me. Good-bye."

Miss Shuttleworth seemed positively to take to the air as she swept across the lawn, looking more than ever like a huge floppy pink moth.

For a few seconds Mr. Adamson stared after her. "Mad. Quite, quite mad," he told himself. "Has a worm got a heart? Do birds think? Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? Really, sometimes one really doesn't know. One really wonders."

Across the stream the wren again poured out its ethereal cadence of song, all sweetness on the warm June air, but Mr. Adamson, pausing to extract his notebook from the attaché case and record in it a quick, earnest note, appeared not to be listening.

There were clearly things of greater importance on his mind.

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Life at the top

Continued from page six

mistic in private about the future. Motivation of the people, especially civil servants, he sees as his greatest problem, especially when in neighbouring Kenya and Uganda life for Government officials is very profitable.

"But what can I do? All we have are our principles and there is no real hope for a truly independent Tanzania until capitalism is destroyed. Africa is being exploited by the West, plainly and simply for profit."

Nyerere seems to realise that by turning away from foreign aid and nationalising foreign companies he is committing his country to years of stagnation. But, as one diplomat in Dar-es-Salaam said: "Tanzanians don't have the big buildings, cars and the overseas bank accounts, but they have pride in trying to stand on their own two feet."

BONGO

Gabon

Home to a £22m. palace

"THE trouble with Bongo is that he likes to be a one-man show," said a Western diplomat in Libreville, the

capital of what potentially is perhaps the wealthiest of all the French-speaking countries in Africa - Gabon.

President Albert-Bernard Bongo, 38, readily admits it. He once told another diplomat: "If you want anything done come to me; don't bother with any of my Ministers."

The other trouble with President Bongo, according to some of the increasingly disillusioned students in Libreville, is that his one-man show is too often staged and directed by the French. As in the Ivory Coast, the French, who live on in old colonial splendour, retain a dominant role in the Gabonese economy and control perhaps as much as 80 per cent of the commercial life.

Libreville is a sleepy, seaside city with sharp divisions between the rich and the poor. Government officials, who consume nearly 60 per cent of the national annual revenue, live in a world apart from the Africans. Bongo himself enjoys the trappings of a president, living in the old governor's residence in the centre of town with his red-clad presidential guard standing watch.

But like Nyerere he too wants to be able to go home at night after finishing his work. The only difference is that, within a

year he will be going home to a palace costing an estimated £22m. and being built on a hill-top on the outskirts of the city, with 15 guest houses on surrounding peaks.

Apart from the palace two new hotels are being built in preparation for the big independence celebrations in 1973. Libreville is already filled with large modern ministries.

Gabon's ministries are more elegant than anywhere else on the West Coast, said one European resident. "It's about time the Government started spending more money on low-cost housing, schools and hospitals."

French groomed

Bongo has a Mercedes 600, a bullet-proof American car, several French and German cars and is now awaiting delivery of two Rolls-Royces. Despite the leaning towards the French, Bongo works hard and spends most of the day at his desk. He became President in 1966 at the age of 30, only six years after leaving the Air Force to enter political life. It is generally accepted that the French chose and groomed him.

Bongo's announced policy is to develop the country as fast as possible. To this end he has

Mushrooming crocuses

KENT COUNTRY NURSERIES LTD.
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All jauntily wrapped up in Paris



1. FERAUD: Mohair and wool checked caped coat in fuchsia and purple. 2. LANVIN: Duffle-hooded coat with yellow seam bindings on black; silver fox sleeves. 3. CARDIN: Pin-tuck seaming on purple wool; mink cuffs and collar. 4. CARDIN: White wool trousers with asymmetrical tunic and black mink border over black sweater. 5. DIOR: Flared black coat from small shaped bust. 6. DIOR: Black chiffon party dress with cardigan jacket in black and red sequin stripes. 7. ST. LAURENT: Black taffeta bustle dress. 8. RICCI: Black crêpe bias-cut dress.



ST. LAURENT: Pleated tartan skirt in yellow, black and brown with black velvet jacket. A winner in Rome and Paris.

COULD there be a hot line between the Vatican and the Paris couture? If not, it is an extraordinary coincidence that at the moment when Paris puts on the biggest cover-up fashion display for many seasons, the Vatican should be re-emphasising its rules of cover-up dress for entering St. Peter's.

Coincidence or not, Paris has thrown out those gimmicky hot pants and little numbers that can be run up overnight by enterprising boutiques. The real craftsman is now again in demand for what remains of a minute haute couture business. Only a good tailor can make Dior's beautiful coats that flow out from their perfectly shaped small, high busts or Nina Ricci's classic suits.

Most important trend in Paris is not so much a spurge of new fashions, but the streamlining of collections in smaller and speedier shows. Foreign buyers, particularly from America, have played their part in this. Fewer attend and fewer models are bought. And the excitement of the shows has

By WINEFRIDE JACKSON

vanished. Not so long ago, when top houses put on their collections, it created the thrill of a successful first night theatre — not any more.

The ambience is now one of hard-headed business. Dior, for the first time since opening in 1947 showed on the first day instead of towards the end, and St. Laurent joined in the week without expecting buyers and journalists to wait over for the following week.

So what do they offer in ideas? A more shapely figure for semi-fitted coats and suits (suits have returned everywhere) to tightly belted coats and wasp-waisted dresses of Louis Feraud. And the majority of hemlines just cover the knees. Trousers are still in for sport and leisure.

Pleats abound in suits and dresses, the latter for both day and evening.

Tartans and big checks are in. Favourite suit at St. Laurent is almost an echo of the one we featured from Valentino in Rome—a tartan-pleated skirt topped by a semi-fitted black velvet

jacket. As I said before, it's a Ford.

Top marks must surely be for the marvellous selection of winter coats, from the jaunty miniature tie-belted coat of Patou to be worn over thick wool tights, the graceful flared coats of Dior, check cape coats at Lanvin and Feraud and fox-hemmed capes at Cardin.

That recent orphan of the storm, the little black dress, has made a comeback at the Paris shows, from simple bias cut dresses at Nina Ricci to delightful swirling party dresses at Dior. An effort has been made to give these dresses a youthful air.

Chanel continues in the Chanel style—at least for this season—under the designing direction of Gaston Berthelot who once designed for Dior, New York. So, whoever owns a traditional Chanel tweed suit (or more likely a copy) need not feel dated.

Givenchy, whose ready-to-wear will be selling at Harrods this autumn, had as near a bread-and-butter day collection (expensive bread and butter) as one can get. Gossip

has it that he and Balmain do so well with their classic clothes designed for mature women that it inspired other houses to lay off the youth gimmicks.

But then Givenchy always has a top layer of icing that makes one wonder whether his immaculately tweed clad women are the same customers who wear his more daring evening clothes: such as a chenille skin-tight body tunic with ankle length chenille fringe—and no under-skirt.

After reading my copy telephoned from Paris a young colleague asked, "But how would you look really glamorous?"

Personally, I would wear a long evening black satin shirtwaister with a plunge neckline to the waist. All very decent with the right undergarments, but of course I should need to stand up all the time.

Fabrics: Tartans and check tweeds and wool. Lots of reversible velours. Velvet, crêpe, chiffon and lamé.

Colours: Bright colours for checks and top coats — fuchsia, yellow, dark green, red—and black.

PATOU: Strictly for the young — black tights and sweater with turquoise wool micro mini skirt to match turquoise jacket.



Sketches by INGER CARLSON

COOKERY

Dressing up the crawfish for a party

By MARIKA HANBURY TENISON

ON the whole I am not an advocate of factory farming or mass production but I have to admit that I am looking forward to the time when lobsters and crawfish can be raised in captivity. At the moment they are not only expensive but scarce as well and becoming harder and harder to get hold of.

The larger, coarser and slightly less expensive crawfish responds well to being tinned. I find some of the classic shellfish sauces such as American, Newburg and Thermidor rather too rich. I prefer a rather more simple sauce with just the faintest hint of dry Vermouth.

Crawfish with lemon and brown sauce (Serves 4)

1 cooked crawfish; 4 spring onions; 1-oz. butter; 1-oz. flour; 1 pint milk; 2 level teaspoons salt; 1 teaspoon tarragon; juice half lemon; 1 teaspoon Dijon mustard; 2 tablespoons dry Vermouth; 2 egg yolks; salt and pepper.

Split crawfish in half down the centre of the back. Remove stomach sac and thin black line of intestine. Take out all the meat from the shell and cut it into thin slices.

Thinly slice the white bulb part of the spring onions. Heat the butter in a saucepan and add onions and cook gently for a few minutes until onions are soft and transparent. Mix in the flour and gradually blend in the milk. Bring to the boil, stirring all the time, lower heat and beat until the sauce is thick and smooth. Add the prawns.

Soak tarragon in lemon juice for five minutes and add to the sauce with the mustard and dry Vermouth. Mix well and season with salt and pepper. Beat egg yolks and blend them into the sauce. Add crawfish and cook over a gentle heat without boiling until hot through.

Serve on a bed of rice and garnish with the head of the crawfish.

Unlike lobsters, crabs still seem to be plentiful and cheap. The white meat from the legs makes very tasty eating and the pink meat from the body can be used as the base for a rich smooth soup. A crab salad can be served as a first course or as a main course for lunch.

Crabmeat and Rice Salad
4 large cooked crabs; 8oz. rice; 1 pint home-made mayonnaise; 2 cloves garlic; pinch mace; salt and pepper; 4 small firm tomatoes; 1 small onion; 1 green pepper.

Crack claws (I do this by wrapping claws in a clean cloth and tapping them with a hammer), remove all the meat and chop coarsely.

Press garlic through a garlic press and mix with the mayonnaise with a pinch of mace. Peel and chop tomatoes, finely chop onion and green pepper.

Cook rice in boiling salted water until just tender. Drain, rinse through with cold water and drain again. Mix rice with the mayonnaise, fold in crab, tomato, onion and pepper and

season with salt and plenty of freshly ground black pepper.

Those tiny little browny pink shrimps are to be found in the fishmongers again at this time of the year and last week I lunched with a friend who cooks them in butter and serves them as a first course with hot toast made from brown bread. We ate them whole, shells and all.

Shrimps in butter

1lb. English shrimps; 4oz. butter; 2 cloves garlic; juice half lemon; freshly ground black pepper.

Press garlic through a garlic press. Heat butter in a saucepan, add garlic and shrimps and cook gently for 15 to 20 minutes. Add lemon juice and season with plenty of freshly ground black pepper. Serve at once with hot toast.

BARGAINS FROM AUSTRIA

WINE

WINE prices are rising and will go higher because wine is an agricultural product subject to wage, tax, freight and office increases like anything else.

To this add Mr. Jenkins' crippling extra wine tax, not yet removed by Mr. Barber. As a result of U.S. demand for the great first-growth clarets, their top years now cost over £2 a bottle, but lesser growths remain available at £1.16 upwards. There are still reasonable commune wines like St. Julien for 80p. Current French wholesale prices, however, mean that 1970 Pouligny Fuisse will, later on, cost 10p a bottle more than some better Meursaults simply because it is fashionable in the States.

The answer for readers who complain is to turn to lesser regions where modern equipment now helps to offer interesting alternatives.

Austria is a good example of lower prices and reasonable quality. One of the best of the branded wines—made from bulk shipments, blended and bottled under a trade name—is "Hirondelle", shipped by Bass Charrington from the Leusser and Kampen vineyards on the slopes near Vienna. The red is from the Spitzburgunder grape (Pinot Noir in France)

and the white has some Riesling attributes. There is also a rose, and each costs 50p or a little more in High Street stores. Hedges & Butler of 153, Regent Street, W.1, send a dozen for £6 and also have a white Kemper Riesling, fresh and fragrant from the Riesling grape, for £6.96 a dozen.

An estate-bottled wine at 75p is a bargain these days and Hach, Mansfield & Co. of 64/65, Cowcross Street, London, E.C.1, offer "Alpenprinz" Loiser Vogel 1970, a medium white Riesling and Sylvaner cross of fuller body and a touch of sweetness, produced from late-picked grapes, for £3 a dozen, carriage paid.

JOHN MORRELL

SHOPPING AROUND

SCENTED BATH

FOR those who can't resist the sweet, old-fashioned smell of bath oil comes Biba's new bath oil 85p from Biba, 124-126, Kensington High Street, London, W.8, and selected branches of Dorothy Perkins.

FACE SAVER

SWISS Bio-Facial is a new cleansing, treatment and moisturising cream all in one. Our guinea-pig finds it seems to be doing the trick. It costs £1.70 (postage included), a tube from Mediliss, 105, East St, Southampton, SO1 1HL.

BARGAIN GLOVES

FOR perfect French-made, black kid gloves at a bargain price Debenhams and Freebody is the place to go. A long pair now costs £5.50 instead of £6.75. From Debenhams and Freebody, Wigmore Street, London, W.1. P. & P. 7p a pair.



Hot foot from France come these new shoes for late summer and autumn. Top, wedge-heeled, brown leather shoes (with leather soles), £10; clogs in brown leather with brown, yellow and beige braid trim, rubber soled and wooden heels, £6.50. Available now from Simpson, Piccadilly, London, W.1.



In readiness for metrication start practising in the kitchen with this stacking "litre" measuring set from Germany. In white pottery with black lettering and silver trim, the 4-jug set costs £6.20 (p. & p. 40p). Also sold separately: 1, litre jug costs £1.10; 1/2 litre £1.30; 3/4 litre £1.70 and 1 litre £2.20. From The General Trading Company, 144, Epsom Street, London, S.W.3.

Hints to Beautify Your Complexion



By our Skin Care Consultants

A COMPLEXION that is satin-smooth and has a dewy loveliness is not merely a matter of luck. It takes regular daily cherishing of the skin to achieve this flawless perfection, and here are some suggestions to help you discover the true beauty potential of your complexion.

Foundation for Beauty

A DAILY foundation of moist oil will provide your skin with all the ideally balanced and blended natural oil and moisture it needs to resist dry lines and wrinkle dryness. Stroke the oil of Ulay generously over your face and neck before applying make-up. It affords rapid penetration, plus moisture-holding ability that will preserve the smooth and supple qualities of your youthful complexion, and provides a perfect base for make-up to stay flawless throughout the day.

A Cleanser that Beautifies

NOTHING brings out the clear beauty of your complexion more successfully than a gentle cleansing milk with a dissolving action which should be smoothed over your face and neck with extra quantities into creases at the sides of the nose and centre of the chin. Impurities and stale make-up are softened and lifted to facilitate smooth and effortless removal as you firmly massage the Delph cleansing milk up and over your complexion. Use this beautifying cleansing milk whenever you are ready to remove make-up at night or before you apply fresh make-up in the morning.

Soothe Tired Eyes

EYES often need the benefit of a soothing "bath" and the old-fashioned saline solution made with a teaspoon of kitchen salt dissolved in a pint of boiling water and applied to the eyes when just tepidly warm, is still recommended. To stop and fade tiny ageing lines and wrinkle dryness around the eyes, the tropical moist oil of Ulay you use on your face and neck to beautify and protect your skin should be gently finger-painted in double quantities into this wrinkle-prone area every day.

A Beauty Facial

PROBABLY the most popular of all inexpensive face-packs is the one made with an egg. All that is needed is to beat the egg well until it is fluffy and looks like lightly whipped cream. Then add a desert-spoon of tropical moist oil of Ulay. Spread this pack evenly over your face and neck, leave for fifteen minutes and rinse off with cold water. You will be amazed how your complexion will reflect a new, youthful loveliness.

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when perfect £5.45

sq. yd. £2.99

SAX WILTON

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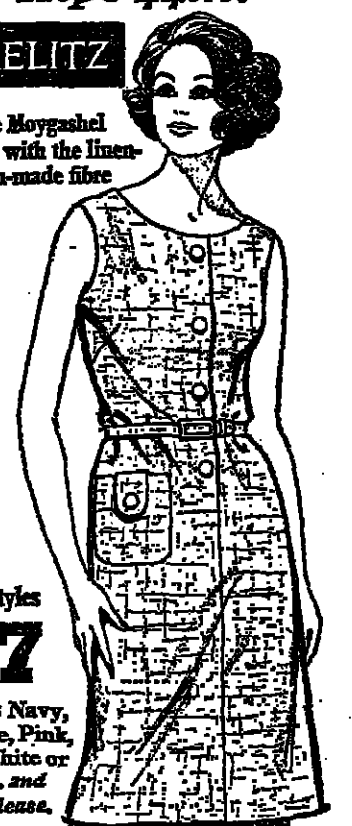
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WRITER WITHOUT A MYTH

By REBECCA WEST

Meredith: the Critical Heritage edited by IOAN WILLIAMS. Routledge, £5.50.

Meredith: a Change of Masks by GILLIAN BEER. Athlone Press, £2.50.

OST of the young today have never held a Meredith novel in their hands and they never will. They have a vague sense of a social mass rising high in the air, as it might be, in the Brighton Pavilion, but a torian fake, not the real Regency. This attitude, with some pride, to break with the preceding generation, a recent rebellion against a writer till now accepted as an Olympian.

At the rejection was made very ago than that. The only feel that it began at the end of the first world war. The young of the time were still loyal (in the degrees) but the rest of the world was very cool. It was generally thought that Meredith must have been too recently, from the vines.

Now there comes a volume Meredith in the Critical Heritage series which collects criticism dealt out to the acknowledged great when he was still working for his fame. Meredith has a double life. On the one hand, from this it is clear that Meredith was at any time, during his time and after his death in England, generally accepted as a great writer.

He received many bad reviews for all his books, and number of the writers who reviewed them favourably were struggling with exasperation.

Forgive them, they did like his poetry. This is a book of criticism, not of the novels to Oxford "Modern Love". Surely can take it that if anybody is not like "Love in the Valley" does not like poetry.

And of course some people do not like the poetry of publication. Swinburne spat every cock-sparrow feather. Because a Mr. R. E. H. wrote in the Spectator that in "Modern Love" Mr. Meredith was "maddeningly caustic, and somewhat of a snob" in his deep and painful subject which Mr. Meredith had no "visions to express".

The novels were not generally liked either. True again, some people liked them very much. A poor battered genius, Thomas Hardy, in his "Dreadful Night" bestirred himself to write an exuberant parody in *Cope's Tobacco Plant*, the obscure trade journal where found his literary home; thus Symonds was full of good

could only be feminine; so firm still young. The bosom was round.

Further details show that the girl's bosom was not just acting as a support, it was not so to speak, merely lending a hand. It was fulfilling the usual purpose of a pillow. Had Meredith visualised the attitude, he must have realised that this would have condemned both parties to a kind of discomfort more hideous than anything produced by the most austere hospital bedding. That was simply not apparent to Meredith.

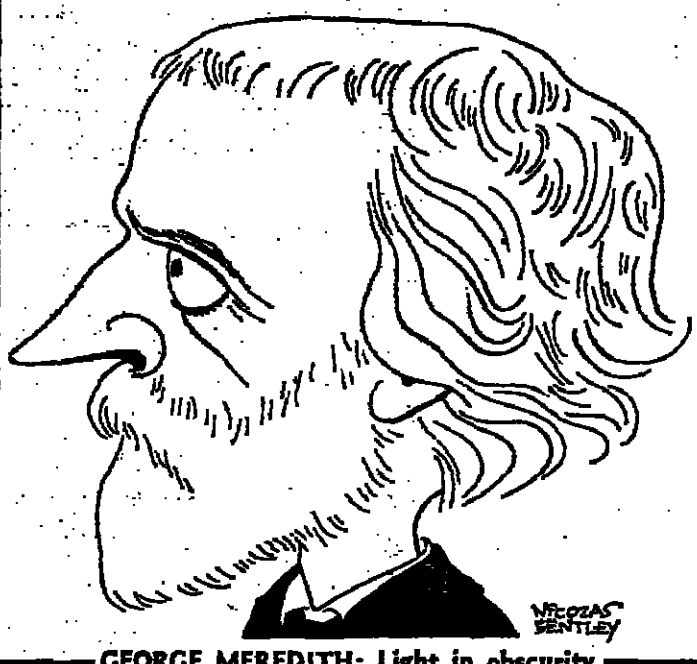
Yet such objections are seen to be frivolous if one stops marking the book as if it were an examination paper and measures it by its effect on the reader. It contains one of the greatest moments in fiction: the clanking operation of a plot loosely constructed out of improbabilities, the boy, Harry, himself by night-time in a foreign land, among a crowd in a square, all looking up at the bronze equestrian statue of a long-dead warrior prince.

The boy looks up and sees the statue's eye brightly fixed on him, as the metal lips part in a grin. It is his own father, a charlatan pretender to royal birth, and he is up to one of his shady tricks, to please the dark old successor to the dead warrior.

But the imposture is magnificent, and it is magnificently cracked by what is real in the man. In a flash he resolves to throw away the profits of his trick. He dismounts and strides to the statue in his metal clothes. These strike the boy cold in his embrace; and there is conveyed through him the nausea which comes of loving where one disapproves. But the statement of what the boy saw, the picture of the statue, was not that when we disapprove the intractable, the violent, the absurd, we may be making ourselves as ridiculous as if we disapproved of fire and water.

That page might be the note for a poem, jotted down in the poet's notebook, and this makes relevant an observation made by Gillian Beer of Gorton in her study, Meredith: a Change of Masks. She points out that "in some ways his ideas were extraordinary; but observations and situations recur throughout his work, and this is very true."

It is perhaps a mistake to regard Meredith's novels as a number of self-contained books, better to take them as the notebooks of a poet, and by examining the fragments of his mind under the individual yeast, the turning over of these same observations and situations, trace the genesis of his poetry.



GEORGE MEREDITH: Light in obscurity.

Read in this sense, they fascinate. The stuff of his poems is all there. The man who wrote one of the few great poems about a sexual relationship (which is different from a poem about sexual relations) is shown as preoccupied with the idea of a man inflicting some awful injury on a woman, who responds with pain and nobility.

But the odd thing is that while the poem is tragic, its roots were comic. The fiercest feminist must admit that, what Meredith's heroines got, they asked for it. Lady Fleetwood in *The Amazing Race*, Emilia in *Sandra Belloc*, Princess Ottilia and Janet in *Princess Ottilia* and *Janet Belloc*—they did not advance on their men with the passion of the tigress, which would have preyed on the weaker man. The worst could be as much of a tiger as he could manage and hope for the best. But they pursued them with the obstinacy of the Inland Revenue and the men could not be blamed if they practise the equivalent of tax avoidance.

And what is so strange is that the women were all so little like women. Princess Ottilia remarks under stress, "I think I am going to cry like a girl," which as she was one, was bizarre enough. The worst of them all is Diana of the Crossways, given a beautiful name by her creator and a schedule to be fulfilled only by a charmer, but obviously a transgressive editorial writer of the heavier canon. It is not that there are not female as well as male bores; but she bores like a man.

It measures the degree of Miss Beer's loving identification with Meredith that she can accept Diana. This is an engaging book and has few faults beyond its occasional unawareness of the connection between the fact that some of Meredith's characters drew their money from mines, and the "image of the subconscious as the mine

and the novelist as miner." But it is also true that in the 19th century mines and mining shares were the form of property taken as typical of wealth by the average man, as oil shares were to be later. To convey that a man was rich, one mentioned mines.

But Miss Beer has done a service in showing what a total acceptance of Meredith as a novelist involves, which explains why neither the England of today or any other day has ever accepted him as they have accepted, say, Henry James or Conrad.

Her loyalty is very likeable and it is to be hoped that in the next world Meredith rejoices over a disciple who can defend him from a charge of a collapsed technique by the handsome remark, "In some ways the organisation of Meredith's novels depends on conflict between author and reader."

Frustration saga

By JOHN DELIN

The Medvedev Papers by Z. MEDVEDEV. Macmillan, £4.95.

ZHOEVES (he was named after the assassinated French socialist, Jaurès) Medvedev is a distinguished Russian gerontologist, a student of biological ageing processes. He is also highly intolerant of bureaucracy. Soviet bureaucracy, as described in *The Medvedev Papers*, is quite remarkably inept, so he has plenty of thorns on which to impale himself.

Communication, or rather the lack of it, is the theme of Dr. Medvedev's book. He makes the strong point that much Soviet science is shackled by the lack of information from overseas and the virtual

imprisonment of Soviet citizens within the national boundaries.

In one extreme case an entire institute of Australian studies contained only one researcher who had ever visited Australia. They studied their subject, according to Medvedev, like astronomers studying the moon.

The book, translated by Vera Rich, follows the unfortunate Russian a bit of giving all events equal weight. Many incidents end in ludicrous frustration but humour rapidly fades when the outcome is a scientist's imprisonment, or his confinement for psychiatric examination because he has shown "schizophrenic" tendencies by thinking about ideology and science at the same time.

He might have been Prime Minister, it was said, had he been half a head taller and his speeches half an hour shorter."

Kenneth Rose is good on Lord Halifax:

"He regarded divorce followed by remarriage, whatever the circumstances, as scarcely removed from bigamy. Having been brought up by his father to think of racing as immoral and ballet as indecent, he observed with tolerant melancholy the addition of his own sons to these pastimes."



Brendan Bracken, Lady Warwick and Stanley Spencer—united in death by the latest volume of the D.N.B.

Minister and a Viscount. He died worth £145,000.

The new D.N.B. records the lives of 760 men and women, chosen for their eminence or their notoriety, who died between January 1, 1851, and December 31, 1960. They are a mixed bag, ranging from George VI to Mrs. Rosa Lewis, who kept the Cavendish Hotel in Jernyn Street. But the editors succeed, on the whole, in making their contributors obey the maxim: No flowers, by request.

This rule was laid down, it is said, by Sir Leslie Stephen, Virginia Woolf's father, the D.N.B.'s first editor. He demanded that each biography should be factually complete, showing wars as well as dimples; and that it should make a coolly candid appraisal. In this volume, his successors—the Oxford historians E. J. Williams, Warren of Rhodes House, and Helen M. Palmer—have striven to enforce his fiat.

Queen Mary (1867-1953) gets 6½ pages by John Gore. He tells us:

"The maternal instincts were never strong in her."

George VI gets five pages by Miss Palmer. Her verdict:

"He made no claims to brilliance of intellect, yet had a questioning mind for which the 20th century held no fears."

Politicians get a lot of space. Ernest Bevin gets eight pages—more than anybody else—by the late Lord Francis Williams; but this biography does not come off.

It is lushly verbose, a tombstone eulogy. G. D. H. Cole (4 pages) by Asa Briggs, is also over-written. But Stafford Cripps (4 pages) is done with skill by Woodrow Wyatt. So is Aneurin Bevan (2½ pages) by Miss Palmer; and Horre-Belisha (3½ pages) by Liddell Hart. Of Leo Amery (5 pages) A. F. Ryan records:

"He might have been Prime Minister, it was said, had he been half a head taller and his speeches half an hour shorter."

Kenneth Rose is good on Lord Halifax:

"He regarded divorce followed by remarriage, whatever the circumstances, as scarcely removed from bigamy. Having been brought up by his father to think of racing as immoral and ballet as indecent, he observed with tolerant melancholy the addition of his own sons to these pastimes."

"When he learned that she was considering the publication of intimate letters written to her by the king, he warned Court officials. They promptly took steps which prevented publication."

This new D.N.B. is crammed with such personalia.

STARS' TURN

By DEREK PARKER

Origins of Astrology by JACK LINDSAY. Muller, £4.

STROLOGY may be of a great interest to hippies, men's magazines, and signers of tea-towels, and astic carrier-bags; it may of increasing interest to biologists and even scientists; it has never been of eat interest to historians. But historians are at last beginning to understand that they are the losers. Dr. A. L. S. already used the title of an astrologer Simon Forman explore Elizabethan sex life. It can only be a matter of time before someone transcribes the notebooks of William Lilly and goes in search of the astrologer who wrote the extraordinary story of John Dee and his effect on Britain's home and foreign policy under Elizabeth I.

Astrology and the royal arts of Europe; astrology and edicts of medicine; astrology and the Pope—these three subjects have been fully explored. But in the meantime, Jack Lindsay has gathered to with staggering industry every scrap of astrology that ever came into the world, from the remotest of time to the present day, from 300 B.C. and 500.

If Origins of Astrology is less grossing than one might hope,

it is because of the author's passion for all-knowingness. The first half in particular is crammed with meaningless scraps of ancient horoscopes, many of which are presumably double-Dutch to the general reader, for whom Mr. Lindsay has not provided even the most basic astrological glossary.

However, even here there are lighter moments: we find an Egyptian astrologer, for instance, telling some fortunate fellow how the 15th Pharaoh that he "will die of excessive lovemaking". Or we glimpse a lady in child-bed urged by a frenzied astrologer to "hold back" until the planets are properly auspicious before giving birth to Alexander the Great (who, 12 years later, pushed that same astrologer into a well to prove the utility of an art which could not warn its practitioners of his own danger).

But it is with astrology in Imperial Rome that Mr. Lindsay is at his most lively; and indeed, it is a fascinating story, with conspiring factions, using their own astrologers to such effect that, for over four centuries anyone found in possession of the Imperial horoscope was fortunate if he was allowed to choose between the Tarpeian rock and death by whiplash.

His vivid enough on a cameo scale, but really won't learn very much about them. For instance, though we understand that Genet quarrelled with Mme. Ledou because she did not like his play, "Les Bognes", just what she found wrong with the play is never clear.

Disappointingly, too, she shows no interest in the real-life case, that of the Papin sisters, on which it was based, though it was one into which her own early history might have been expected to give her a special insight.

Too many things have failed to engage Mme. Ledou's interest; and that early history itself was less remarkable than she thinks: as was and is the ugliness about which she never stops fussing but which may strike the foreigner as no more than typically French.

Having, once done extreme female self-absorption so well and successfully, Mme. Ledou ought, one feels, not to be trying something quite different. There is a danger that she will come to seem merely an elderly French, Suzy Knickerbocker-disinhibited by penthotal.

On the defensive

By NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE

A. L. BARKER, *Femina Real*. Hogarth Press, £1.80. Terence Wheeler, *From Home in Heaven*. Macmillan, £2.10.TERENCE DE VERE WHITE, *Mr. Stephen*. Gollancz, £1.80. CHARLES MACHARDY, *The Ice Mirror*. Collins, £1.80. MICHAEL ORSLER, *Rhumb Line*. Hutchinson, £1.75.

A. L. BARKER's new book, *Femina Real*, is made up of nine stories, the first of which is virtually a novella. Called "La Matiere", it presents three phases in the life of Marty Prout, a girl who is referred to by her dominating French mother as a booby, *une petite balourde* (dunce), and a late developer, because it hurts her vanity to have a child who is not quite like others.

When the story opens, Marty is eight. Her mother is a teacher of the finest, and is determined she shall go to the best school in the district. That the curriculum is far beyond the child's capabilities is irrelevant.

The second phase deals with Marty the teenager. Her mother has already decided whom she shall marry, and, at a picnic designed to introduce her to her future bridegroom, Marty is the victim of a mistaken exchange: an ice-cream at him. When his brother attempts to console her, "I'm sub-ordinary," she tells him.

In the third phase Marty, now a middle-aged widow, adopts her mother's daily help-to her mother's renewed horror. The girl has no parents, comes from Trinidad, is 15 and pregnant. Marty does not even care for her particularly, and her long

black skinny arms and legs remind her of a spider. Yet deep down a voice tells her that the young are the responsibility of their elders, that the Welfare State is a thing and that "things can't be answerable for people."

That same voice, in defence of life and living, is raised again and again in the stories which follow. In "Useless if Dropped" there is a woman who has an obscure disease of the heart and is always having tests. Medically speaking, she should have been dead years ago. She merely refuses to die. Or, in "A Woman in the International Incident", there is this revealing exchange between an American couple, who have been stranded in an Italian village off the usual tourist routes:

"Here poor are these people!"

"By US? These are poor people!"

Leonard Woolf was responsible for launching Miss Barker's first collection of stories a quarter of a century ago. The first volume of his autobiography, which came out posthumously in 1969, he wrote of her as one of our best short story writers. That verdict is endorsed by the pieces in "Femina Real".

Terence Wheeler's second novel, *From Home in Heaven*, like his first, is set in India. It covers the period before and after Nehru's death. The Mohorwal family belong to the mercantile class, and number



A. L. BARKER "Answerable for people."

five brothers and a sister. Raghunath, the founder of their industrial empire, was born in 1896.

One of his axioms is that wealth which does not multiply is as pointless as power that is not exercised. Yet when left-wing journalists speak of his lust for power, they misrepresent him, for he measures success by anonymity. The attention therefore focused on his family when his youngest brother is found guilty of misappropriating the funds of the local Rural Co-operative comes as the worst of blows.

Mr. Wheeler's study of an industrial dynasty beginning to break up is highly intelligent and illuminates the text from "Shagavad-gita" which says: "We know what fate falls on families broken." There is also a powerful portrait of a religious-political fanatic:

"In my mind you will find a man who is not a religious man, but a man who is a religious man."

Office intrigue in an Irish solicitors' firm is the subject of Mr. Stephen, by Terence de Vere White. But there are wider implications. It is wise for a man who is at the top of the legal profession to become involved in governmental affairs? Are there occasions when lawyers should put charity before truth?

The author raises many other debating-points in the course of his entertaining story. He provides, too, a nice snapshot of contemporary Dublin, with the windows of the National Society for the Propagation of Christianity Knowledge packed with copies of "Strumpet City."

The most exciting scenes in *The Ice Mirror* are those on the north face of the Eiger in winter. Four men set out, but only two return. One is Robert Wishart. His nerve was shattered on a previous attempt but he is encouraged to try again by a girl whom he meets in his native Scotland. Charles Machardy has written an adventure story backed by plenty of practical know-how.

A world cruise, a ship of fools—that is the background to Michael Orslor's *Rhumb Line*. A captain changes sex, a passenger performs acrobatics on deck, and a semi-superman, capable of taking on the universe, indulges in conversations with mermaids. The result is an uneasy mixture of fantasy and kinkiness.

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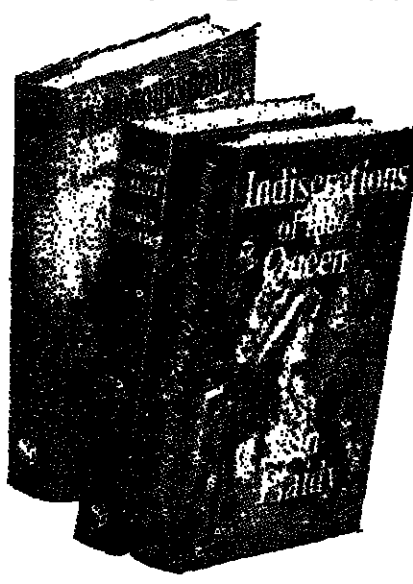
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FILMS MARGARET HINXMAN

Young Grace

The message of the giant American pop festival at Woodstock in 1969 was peace and love. The "kids" of all ages had shown their desire to be allowed to make their own decisions, and a consensus of opinion. Some months later, the message took a fatal beating at Altamont in California, where the Rolling Stones were the headline act. Tens of thousands of fans, which degenerated into a nightmare of violence and death—plus, for the first time, the presence of documentary film-makers, the Maybays brothers, have recorded the events prior to, during and after the festival with a chilling sense of realism in *Struck by Lightning*. At

The score is pleasing rather than dynamic. It looks enchanting, with Cecil Beaton costumes and some glorious sequences shot in the Brighton Royal Pavilion. But the Roman. . . thing doesn't lead to another, it just happens before the next thing. Several players seem to have been severely diluted: in particular the terrific backbones of Pamela and Irene. Pamela Brown on the home team. Yves Montaud appears no more comfortable in the English language than he did in several previous Hollywood tries.

All the same, when the leading lady is on hand, the screen lights

MIGUEL GODREAU: brilliant dancer from Alvin Ailey.

The old name for the place where popular music was thought to come from was Tin Pan Alley. It was not a thoroughfare so much as a mythical factory estate where men—clocking in and out and working in shifts in all probability—sat at assembly lines, endlessly bolting easy rhymes to simple tunes.

Up to a point the analogy was not a bad one. It gave an idea of the scale of the output and therefore of the insatiability of the public appetite; it also suggested—along this—that some-where among this industrial chain of men and machines was the money. Where it failed was in implying that there was some degree of precision about the operation. A factory, whether it makes cars or goes on to know something about the behaviour of the materials it

It is a compendium of theatrical conventions, looking backwards to operetta but also anticipating the era inaugurated by "Oklahoma!" Used with a cunning amounting to genius, Hammerstein's sheer abundance of banalities almost add up to originality. There are many treasureable moments: my favourite was that in which the recipient of a heartbreaking letter hands it over to a friend with the remark "I can't bear to look at it—will you read

it out to me?" By a curious coincidence, there were something like a thousand answers. I also liked the method used to defy the miscegenation laws: a quick incision in his own and his half-caste wife's fingers, tied jointly by a handkerchief, enables the white husband to aim truthfully that "it's a drop of Negro blood" in him. Ah, the innocence of those days!

It is a vast spectacle and vastly entertaining. The stage furiously bursts at the seams, and Wendy Toye, who has used her unrivalled experience to contain it as well as keeping it on the move. Interestingly, the most marked respect in which the show has dated is in its use of music. This consists of set pieces, often off-beat, introduced logically within the framework of backstage activity, but not to advance the narrative.

The cast is international and strong. Cleo Laine brings her gorgeous presence and velvety voice to the relatively minor part of the show's first act, "The end of the familiar song 'Bill'—one of the four Jerome Kern songs from this show which have become classics—with

deeply-felt emotion. The other outstanding contribution is the brilliant dancing of Miguel Godreau. The comedy is in the more than capable hands and feet of Kenneth Nelson and Derek Royce. Considering that they are playing characters called, respectively, Magnolia Gaylord and Rental, Lorna Dallas and Arty, Jobie is pretty well to keep this side of absurdity. Tim Goodchild's sets and costumes fit the production perfectly. The show is an assured success.

Down the ladder

THE Greenwich Theatre attempt to compensate for some of the local end-of-the-pier entertainment with a season of Music Hall. Presented in traditional Victorian style, complete with a gaudy, alliterative chairman and those embarrassing audience responses from the audience, the first two-thirds of the evening were very feeble. It was no service to the artists in question to put them on the same bill as Max Wall.

Mr. Wall is one of my favourite grotesques. I had not seen him for some time and was pleased to report that he is gloriously unchanged. He manages single-

handedly to propel mankind down a few rungs on the evolutionary ladder. He is slightly sinister, threatening at any moment to turn into a monkey. It is chastening as well as funny to be reminded of our ancestry.

ROBIN HOOD VILLAIN

HOW much of Henry Cecil's latest courtroom teaser *The Tilted Tables* (Vogue, \$2.95) Guildford) follows legitimate procedure, or how often this ex-county court judge and author takes his public for a ride round and round the Old Bailey, is immaterial for dramatic purposes.

Entertainment is more desirable than reality when the baddie has a double-dealing, double-crossing, elderly City gent frequenting the Tingle Tingle Club, of the recorders and the goodlies are instrumentalists of the law with hearts of gold and a bluff exterior.

Clive Morton presides with his usual fluency, handling the threat that his small daughter will be killed if the blackmailer is not acquitted, with the gentlemanly fortitude and expert cunning we already expect from one of Mr. Cecil's judges. Richard Greene, happier in Sherwood Forest as TV's Robin Hood, is an unlikely villain, no match for Dermot Walsh's bland, C.I.D. superintendent.

the way Sullivan, with all his serious ambitions and his rather endearing snobberies, never wrote music of less than near-operatic quality to go with Gilbert's intellectual doggerel. That's not to belittle Gilbert, but putting music to his words must have been like

The partnership of Kern and Hammerstein seems to me to have been less well balanced. Hammerstein could be caught artistically off guard in a very real sense. He never wrote a number that he never has written a really poor tune. Nonetheless they were capable jointly of a masterpiece, and it is their *Show Boat* that is providing the other completely successful popular musical performance in London at the moment. That it is 44 years old, and "The Mikado" nearly 90, says plenty on behalf of G. & S. and Hammerstein, but even more about the current state of the popular musical theatre.

Writing on Riley

ART MICHAEL SHEPHERD

I HAVE to confess a certain paternal pride in Bridget Riley's impressive retrospective, which fills the Hayward Gallery (until September 5); being, I believe, the first critical review her first one-man show at Victor Musgrave's Gallery One in May 1962, and announcing — with a confidence of judgment which I wish I still possessed in face of some recent artistic manifestations — that her first show immediately established her as being in the international vanguard.

away from tension, towards the more benign.

Thus though many people prefer the classical statements of her black/white period, with their tensions, we may expect some rather sour work in the future, developing out of her current preoccupations.

The only disappointing aspect of the Riley situation — which this show should put to rights — is one common to other contemporary artists: a widespread even more perhaps to musicians — that she has not had the writings her work deserves. There is much expert literature on what contemporary art sets out to do, and how to do it.

But then, it was pretty obvious to anybody, even if he didn't sell much or make much of a public mark for two or three years after that. However, in those days, British art was not so well known in the U.S., and only Henry Moore had really established an international name.

I don't think we would have guessed then, that Riley would be able to fill out the Hayward Gallery, and that he would devote to Picasso's theatre (work) with 70 paintings and 150 drawings, each of which takes some new aspect of perceptual investigation with realism, and presents it with vivid clarity.

very little actual personal observation of "this is what happened to me in front of the wall."

Sometimes one wonders if writers actually look at the paintings at all, let alone watch themselves looking. . . . We need some of David Thompson's and Andrew Ross's kind of reportage and commentary by Riley, to set an example; otherwise the language of art and any sort of standards of looking—quite apart from judging—will go for nothing. Doing so simply increase physical awareness, very effective way, or does it affect mental and spiritual states of awareness, or release emotion? This is what we want to experience.

This retrospective of the 40-year-old artist admirably demonstrates her method and her variety. Her method is a step-by-step building up of successive experience of taking a single shape unit such as a triangle, and putting it through its paces in her art, until, passing it in sequence through altering and distorting it at the point of disintegration, some new effect or appearance, some new event, begins to manifest. This puts her work in a new perspective in other arts—a period of culture in decline, when forms of every sort from ritual to behaviour are being discarded because they do not appear to have any more to say. It should, artists investigate the area of disintegration of form so that they can see if they can find any truth may manifest.

We can see, too, how she is talking about it in a 20th-century idiom of the close mass repetition of units, paralleled outside the Harvard by the egg-box architecture—about the same language of form and the scoring of light, and the faces showing identical as capable as, say, the theme of the Marquise of Sébastien, of hearing subjective or objective states including the moving towards tension, physical torture, or a moving

G. & S. AND K. & H.

uses. But when Leslie Stuart wrote the tune of "Lily of Laguna," say, he had no way of making sure he'd built to last.

The same thing applied in the more high class establishments, so not even Gilbert and Sullivan could actually specify durability, though they may well have been pleased enough with themselves to hope for it. The new G. & S. season at the Royal Festival Hall proves just how much their hopes would have been justified.

The first of these D'Oyly Carte presentations is *The Mikado* (until Aug. 4), with "Princess Ida," "The Gondoliers" and "The Yeomen of the Guard"

to follow. Those for whom Gilbert's instructions about presenting the Savoy Operas were the Tablets of the Law might twitch uneasily at the skeletal pagodas and the front-projected scenery (very pretty in Act II). I found it refreshing, and it seemed to give the cast more elbow-room than a conventional set would have allowed on the far from ideal Festival Hall stage.

But the reasons for a G. & S. season are above all verbal and musical. For anyone to be able to sing the idiosyncratic but fully-fashioned words and music the two men produced must presuppose that he or she is already a good singer, so

reactions to D'Oyly Carte voices are merely those of a palate to flavours.

Colin Wright's Nanki-Poo was for me clear but very slightly throatied; Poo-Bah (Kenneth Sandford) was properly round—both vocally and physically—with the right combination of cowardice and bombast; John Reed as Ko-Ko is one of a long line of Gilbertian singers with a faintly acid tone, great carrying power, and an enviable head-voice resonance (and of course a flair for visual comedy). And I was oddly impressed by the sheer presence of John Webley, with his long head, like a primitive carving, as Pish-Tush.

Once again I was struck by

Musical dancing

English musical. Whereas New York seems to have an endless supply of well built dancers, vital and vigorous, coping apparently on demand with ballet, modern, jazz or even tap, and hurling themselves about with infectious abandon, in London—for musicals anyway—good girl dancers seem hard to find, and male dancers of the right calibre hardly exist. The results are sad.

In America, where there is quite an interchange between dance companies and musicals, it is taken for granted that choreographers should move too. In England this seldom happens. Given the calibre of the average dancer in musicals, what choreo-

grapher wants to lower his sights accordingly?

It was not always so. From Gilbert and Sullivan to George Edwardes, we exported musicals to America, and in the golden days of Fred Astaire, Jack Buchanan and Jack Hulbert, some of whose engaging dance routines I treasure to this day, there was certainly a parity of opinion. The difference has grown partly with the spread of modern dance in America, creating talented dancers who had to take jobs in musicals to keep going. Watching the recent spate of workshops at The Place, where modern dance has been

gifted young dancers will end up, to say nothing of the increasing talents emerging from our ballet schools.

Perhaps they will create a minor renaissance in the English musical. As far as I am concerned, our musicals need any renaissance they can get. We shall need choreographers too. Yet the audience, the demand, is certainly there. When I praised The Young Generation I was told that it was a little demanding what "pop" had to do with dance as a fine art. My reply would be that quality and popularity need not be divorced. In Shakespeare's time working men queued to stand four hours to see his plays with music and dancing. I think that was one renaissance. Another is not out of the question.

NICHOLAS DROMGOOLE

ENTERTAINMENTS

[illegible]

TELEVISION : PHILIP PURSER

the ineffable Twmgy, and his musical collaborator Peter Maxwell Davies. The worst thing of all is that Richard Baker, B.B.C. newscaster and music enthusiast, should have lent his voice to this catalogue of flatulence. How about his credibility now?

to be the unsubstantial, open-ended kind that can be cut off abruptly without offence when the umpires reappear.

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FILMS ON TV.

TUESDAY
The Sea Hawk (1940). Douglas Fairbanks may have been marginally more athletic, but Errol Flynn was certainly the most engaging and witty of the screen's swash-bucklers. Michael Curtiz, one of the great Hollywood craftsman-film-makers, directs. (I.T.V., London 7.25 p.m.)

THURSDAY
Peppermint Frappe (1967). Charlie Chaplin's daughter, Geraldine, plays the dual role of an elegant wife and a nondescript nurse in a provocative Spanish film new to Britain. (B.B.C.2, 10.10 p.m.)

FRIDAY
Dr. Blood's Coffin (1961). Neat British spine-chiller directed by Sidney J. Furie. (I.T.V., London, 10.40 p.m.)

Colin Baker with Margaret Tyzack in the name part of "Cousin Bette", Ray
 Baker's production of the Balzac novel, which begins on BBC 2 on Saturday.

together so that they seem continuous; if you do it properly you can produce a strong emotional response.

"As an editor you need immense patience. It can take you three or four hours—or seconds—to make a cut, and there are 1,500 of them in a film. You must see all the alternative takes to choose the best, to leave out the superfluous. In fact, cutting a film, putting together the various pieces, is rather like sculpture."

MUSICAL SAFARIs arrange such jaunts as "showboots" along the Thames, visits to Elgar's birthplace and so on. New they have turned impressive to the first time will be presenting The Scholars—singers whose gimmick is that they can sing; they were there school at King's College, Cambridge at the Fairfield Hall, Croydon, on Saturday: "300 Years of Song."

D'Oyly Carte and Covent Garden

During the intervals of watching D'Oyly Carte doing their very latest pressing at the Festival Hall, com-

pretty large scale. Imaginatively laid out with music, models, props, film, costumes, scenery and various other relics. The films are of great interest: they include the A.T.V. one of Maria Callas and Tito Gobbi singing "Tosca." I didn't see the programme itself as it was in the Opera House watching it being transmitted, but I'm told the result was very effective. Well, it was when on stage, even with those fellows creeping up on Callas pushing large cameras,

Callan sings again

One of the features of your old steam train television was cowboy dropping into each other's Westerns. You know the sort of thing: Bronco would appear as "Maverick," and Checco would say to Sugarfoot: "Well the Devil was that?" That hasn't happened much since British Telly, though on Wednesday Callan will appear as "Father, Dear Father." Or to look further back, the Father, Dear Father tune, *Opricric*, (are)

the wardrobe with modernistic lighting and the display of the costumes. The display in the Edward Woodward Gallery and see some of the designs and costumes from the past, as well as other costumes from the past. The wardrobe is the near century of history. They were selected by Mrs. Woodward, after all, started as a singer before he was a manager, Chicago, and C. Yrano, in fact only a little while ago, as a singer, he received the mixed blessing of getting a standing ovation. The

Though the Royal Opera House has a longish history, the present company has been going for only a quarter of a century, taking over after the war. A short career but a packed one, as you'll be able to see from an album of the company's first season at the Albert Museum (Aug. 19-Oct. 10) called "Covent Garden: 25 Years of Opera and Ballet." It



Michael Winner, the cutting director; see "Sculpting a film".

VICTORIANS IN

VICTORIAN ART

HISTORIANS have only recently caught up with Victorian art. Now Victorian art is the rage. There is no greater evidence of this than at Sotheby's, where a new sale room, located at 19th Street, is opening in October. Known as "Sotheby's Belgravia," it will be christened

COLLECTOR'S

early and late Pre-Raphaelite were only beginning to return to vogue.

Mr. Paul Thomson, in charge of Sotheby's Victorian pictures, believes that works by Burne-Jones and other leading Pre-Raphaelites have nowhere

by an auction of pictures. reached their ceiling. In previous years, the highest price for a Pre-Raphaelite, Millais' "Portrait of Ruskin" sold at Sotheby's for \$25,200 in 1963. Watercolours by Reynolds, for example, were sold for more than in oils, now fetch as much as \$5,800.

Sotheby's may have been slower off the mark to single out this growing collector's field

Mr. Christopher Wood, responsible for Christie's extremely successful sales, says

for its own special sale but has nevertheless carried away some of the top prizes. Last March £35,000 was paid by Agnew's for *Laus Veneris*. Sir Edward Baring-Jones's painting that sold for £2,800 in 1857 when the

"*Laus Veneris*" by Sir Edward Burne-Jones painted from 1873-75 holds the current record for a Pre-Raphaelite painting. It sold for \$33,000 at Sotheby's last March.

MUSIC · JOHN WARRACK

and Brahms and Stravinsky in what we have been accustomed to think of as "concert conditions." The formality of this concert hall is not merely a relic but has a point: it is an efficient device for creating circumstances in which music of the right kind has the best chance of effect.

But much new music is written out of conditions that do not suit the traditional concert hall. A different kind of society, once again, will require different music and also different conditions in which to hear it, such as musical evenings, the other. The rich crop of Romantic, post-Romantic, and

in part a product of a new feeling for the artist as individual and even example; those dashing figures also had their own music and these instruments and still more because of a newly emancipated middle-class audience eager to hear music in public democratic surroundings. And there is a strong urge to loosen what has in its turn become a convention, and to encourage more and more open circumstances as reflecting the modern social reality.

Some extreme forms of this have been pursued by Stockhausen, as in his open-air music; and by Cage, by peevish Proms may yet produce something of the kind in Regent's Park, or on the river. And why not? The only conditions should

But the Proms have planned some enterprises this year with a decent chance of success. We shall see how appetites can stand the marathon on August 12, an effect of three whole programmes of an hour each; whether the Beethoven Missa Solemnis audience at Westminster Cathedral turns out to be as large, or the same, as that for the Stockhausen "second half" at the Albert Hall; and again, how many go on from

Haydn, Brahms and Beethoven on September 6 to the Round House and four modern works. On a more traditional Prom front, there is an attempt to revivify the Last Night; Malcolm Arnold's new piece, last year, has not survived, and this time we have an opera, no less, for audience and orchestra by Malcolm Williamson. There is also a newish but successful tradition of a "monumental" work

to open the season before the first Saturday. This year it was Mahler's Eighth Symphony, in a superbly exultant performance under Colin Davis. Its success, in terms of the audience's enthusiasm as well as in its own right, again shows that the Proms have a unique licence to experiment, based on long trust. They remain the most fascinating of all our concert series, a retrospective exhibition of the great past and a lively index of where things are going.

[illegible]

CTURES

RAH STRATTON

ings could be bought for £50-£100 in the '30s, but in 1969 he sold one for £1,995, and last March his "Old Scarborough Full Moon—High Water" set the latest record for his paintings of £3,255.

Minor Pre-Raphaelites such as John Waterhouse have also been "discovered," as evidenced by prices mounting from 1,000gns. to 2,500gns. to 3,800gns. in the last year. Next in popularity to the Pre-Raphaelites are the landscape artists, such as F. W. Watts—latest record price £9,450.

Neo-classical paintings by Lord Leighton, Albert Moore, Alma-Tadema and Poynter now sell in the low thousands, but have a long way to go before they reach their optimum level.

There are still countless works which sell for under £100, but in the major salerooms certainly—one would more likely pay several hundred for a good work. Some of the yet undervalued artists include Brett, Linnell, Clausen and Ricketts, to name but a few. If art speculation gives you joy, there is no better field in which to test your talent than in Victorian pictures.

The best place to sell may be

An excellent book on this subject is "Victorian Painters" by art dealer Jeremy Maas. Beautifully produced and published by Barrie and Rockliff in 1968, it is now in its second printing and available from Barrie and Jenkins, London, for £2.

DEBORAH STRATTON

COLLECTOR'S

early and late Pre-Raphaelite paintings were only beginning to return in vogue.

Mr. Paul Thomson, in charge of Sotheby's Victorian picture sales, believes that works by Burne Jones and other leading Pre-Raphaelites have nowhere near reached their ceiling. The previous record was held by another Pre-Raphaelite, Millais, whose "Portrait of Ruskin" sold at Sotheby's for \$25,200. The collector, Robert R. R. Scott, who excelled in this field more than in oils, now fetches as much as \$5,500.

Mr. Christopher Wood is responsible for Christie's extremely successful sales, saying "Interest in the Pre-Raphaelite movement was the spearhead of the Victorian revival. The first stirrings came in the picture market came in 1962, when the William Alwyn collection was sold at Sotheby's. But the initial



urne-Jence painted from 1873-75
Pre-Raphaelite painting. It sold
they's last March.

ings could be bought for £50-£100 in the '50s, but in 1969 one sold for £1,895, and last March his "Old Scotchman with Full Moon—High Water" set the latest record for his paintings of £3,265.

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SUNDAY TELEGRAPH

August 1, 1971

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INDEPENDENT OF ALL GROUPS

MEN MISLED

THERE have been too many sad episodes in the history of the Clyde but never a sadder spectacle than is in the making there now.

It has been made abundantly plain that the creation of Upper Clyde Shipbuilders by Mr. Anthony Wedgwood Benn in 1967 was a disastrously ill-organised business. Without the prospect of an endless supply of public subsidy to keep it alive, U.C.S. was doomed from the start. The Government has now attempted the painful process of creating a healthy shipbuilding unit out of the mess. The response from the workers, or their leaders, has been one of blind anger and obstruction.

What can they hope to gain by "occupying" the Clydebank yard which an impartial review had recommended should be closed? It gives Mr. Benn an opportunity for more undergraduate rhetoric about "workers' power": and evidently his own share of responsibility has not shamed him into silence. Beyond that, such a demonstration must be either futile or dangerous.

To say this is not to betray any lack of sympathy for the men concerned. But they have already suffered too much from good intentions blended with muddled thinking. What the Clyde needs desperately is an industry which can hold its own in the world, not a future dependent upon repeated State handouts. It is difficult enough to achieve this in a harshly competitive world. It must surely

become impossible if workers are misled into rejecting out of hand the necessary measures.

Mr. Davies, in telling the House on Thursday of his advisory group's findings, earned some criticism by confining himself to cold realities when most politicians would have softened the words with sympathetic formulas. This is an aspect of communication which Ministers cannot afford to ignore. In much the same way, Mr. Heath would have been wise to announce at once that he would not permit his sailing engagements to keep him away from tomorrow's emergency debate on the matter.

But these are small questions of style. The task of building a healthy shipbuilding industry instead of a floundering and misconceived muddle, is of infinitely greater importance. If it is to be done it will require a different spirit among the unions. The present outburst of turmoil and disaffection does not promise well, energetically stirred up as it has been by the culpable Mr. Benn. He has done enough damage by his policies without adding to it now by his words.

The Government's best course now is to leave the situation alone for a time in the hope that self-destructive passions will cool. A confrontation is what the militants most desire. But there must be no going back, under pressure, on the right decisions which have been made.

To the Point

Wilson Hara-kiri

THE devaluation of Mr. Wilson as a politician and his diminution as a man have been his own doing. The interview he gave last week on L.T.N. was as disastrous for his reputation as his other recent utterances.

In it, still seeking scapegoats for his Common Market apostasy, he accused the newspapers of doing a hatchet job on him comparable with the Goebbels technique of the big lie. Neither he nor Sir Harry Nicholas, the Labour party general secretary, who is writing to the National Union of Journalists urging its members to be "fair", recognises how the British Press works; and neither is apparently willing to acknowledge that the most savage criticism has appeared in the pro-Labour journals, the *Daily Mirror* and the *Sun*, and in the *Guardian*, hardly a Conservative organ.

Not hatchets, Mr. Wilson, but hara-kiri.

A Drop Too Much

IF excessive drinking among young people is an increasing problem, as the Medical Council on Alcoholism reports, this is not something which can conveniently be blamed on long hair and permissiveness.

The general experience is probably that young people who drink too much are relatively well off and in many respects rather conventional members of society. They are among the less obvious victims of affluence, mobility, stress and (no doubt) the bad example of their elders.

Overmanned

ON matters involving self-interest, some of the professions show no noticeable improvement on the unions.

Barristers, for example, voting by a great majority to retain the present Q.C. system, also want to perpetuate the rule that a Q.C. cannot appear in court without a junior.

This system may be hallowed by time, but hardly by economic sense. In the simplest terms it is overmanning, which has the effect of maintaining the cost of going to law at an artificially high level.

Cart Before Horse

VAST sums, we are told, are needed to build new gaols and to modernise old ones. The prison population has increased sharply and the increase is expected to continue. At the same time the latest statistics show an alarming growth in indictable offences, especially in crimes involving violence or fraud.

We are in danger of putting the cart before the horse. A revival of public and private morality would obviate the need for bricks and mortar, and a more ruthless war on remaining crime would then make superfluous the provision of ever more numerous cells.

Old Habit

LONG-SKIRTED nuns have taken over from papal guards the intriguing duty of deciding whether female visitors to St. Peter's, Rome, are decently dressed or not. To the extent that this gives women a greater say in Church affairs, it may be regarded as a slight move towards modernity, but in so far as it perpetuates the male moral theologian's besetting illusion that morality can be measured by an inch-tape, it represents no advance at all.

Fair Game for all at the Game Fair

By J. W. M. THOMPSON

BANG, said the man squinting solemnly across the sights of a 12-bore towards a pair of sheepskin slippers on sale nearby. Bang, he added after a reflective pause, discharging of second barrel, in imagination, at a depressed-looking portrait of a duck.

Students of the English character ought not to overlook the sociological import of the Game Fair held at Stowe, in Buckinghamshire, last week. The nation has been urbanised, industrialised, motorised: yet here the singular truth was revealed. Its people preserve a wistful notion of themselves as countrymen still, no less than their forebears. These are deep waters, Watson.

Nobody knew how many of the thousands who swarmed into the Game Fair had any real-life contact with what, somewhere in the programme, were termed "the manly sports". "Perhaps a quarter of them?" hazarded Brigadier Keenlyside, the organiser. The rest were visitors from the alien urban world, where shooting is something that happens on television and fish-fingers are more familiar than trout.

The suggestive fact is that they seemed to love it. They took the gun-makers' stands by storm, one after another lifting and caressing a fine bit of craftsman's work that would cost them at least as much as they had paid for their cars.

They heartily patronised a medley of vaguely sporting trades—buying table-mats bearing likenesses of pheasants, ordering articles of clothing designed for wildfowling on chilly dawns, and carrying off parcels in the sweltering heat containing "Indestructible Socks", just the thing for the moors.

It was strange and rather charming. Not many years ago bucolic sports were held in wide suspension. They were tainted by obsolete privilege. Did not Mr. Wilson, after all, go far towards formulating an entire political philosophy around something he called the grouse-moor image? There seemed to have been a deep, dark change since then.

At any rate, when I arrived at the Game Fair soon after breakfast the place was still in the possession of the experts. Lean and purposeful men conducted their talented spaniels towards the gun-dog trials, or set briskly about the clay-pigeon shooting, or headed for the stretch of water where miracles of accurate fly-casting were being performed.

But it was not long before the multitudinous others arrived and happily filled up the spectators' enclosures for every event, however esoteric. A prodigy of a fisherman cast a line 100 yards or so across the waters of the Stowe lake and the onlookers' delight at the effortless polish of

THE Government's decision, announced last week, to drive air traffic away from London to the Essex coast confirms mounting hopes among the conservationists that the Conservative party really intends to live up to its name. Not content with simply choosing Foulness as the third airport, it now clearly intends to make sure that it eventually becomes the airport. This must rank as one of the most important steps yet undertaken by any Western Government to defy technology in the interests of environment. In terms of maximising air traffic, Britain will undoubtedly suffer. But its capital, as a result, will be quieter and a pleasanter place to live in.

That it should be a Tory Government which has taken this decision is surely a matter of some significance; even, possibly, of some surprise. Was not the Tory party assumed to have been taken over by tough-minded managers on the make whose first priority would be economic efficiency? And who more completely personified this new type of Tory than Mr. Peter Walker whose Department for the Environment is linked with airport planning?

But this is precisely what makes the decision so significant. It is the most technologically minded Tory Government conceivable that has, in this instance, opted for the least technologically orientated calculation. For this Government to have become a conservator of the environment must mean that the currents running in this direction in the Conservative party are very strong indeed.

If the decision had been taken by Sir Alec Douglas-Home or even by Harold Macmillan it might have been dismissed as nostalgic concern for a quality of life that was more relevant to the past than the future, a last desperate attempt to prevent the march of progress from interfering with the *douceur de vivre* of a vanishing age. But taken by Mr. Heath's Government, it cannot possibly be regarded as aristocratic rear-guard action.

It has long been my fervent hope that the Tory party would prove itself to be the political instrument ideally suited to the task of taming technology, in a way that few if any other parties could reasonably be expected to be. The Republican party of the United States, for example, could not hope to fulfil this role with any

TORY TAMING OF TECHNOLOGY

By PEREGRINE WORSTHORNE

degree of plausibility, for the good reason that it is inextricably linked to the interests of big business; in fact the businessman's party.

When Charlie Wilson, Eisenhower's Defence Secretary and a former Chairman of General Motors, made his notorious remark about what is good for General Motors being good for America, he was articulating an attitude of mind that went to the heart of the Republican faith. The promotion of a free enterprise is the party's historic role, the ideal which inspires its words and actions. How then can it be expected to look at technology except through the businessman's eye, since its imagination knows no other range of vision?

Parties of the Right in Europe

are scarcely better placed. In so far as they are modern, and not simply vehicles of reaction harking back to a pre-revolutionary agricultural past, they too are tied to the wheels of industry. None of them has an unbroken history that goes back beyond the industrial revolution, embodying traditions that transcend the class war.

Europe's political soil has been so repeatedly ploughed up by revolution and reaction that no party exists with roots that are deeply enough embedded in a pre-capitalist past to enable it to envisage with equanimity a post-capitalist future. So far as the parties of the Right are concerned, they cannot afford to provoke big business because this is their only constituent which is not either archaic or

discreditable. Jereff of its support, they have nothing to fall back on except feudal nostalgia, at best, and fascist yearnings at worst.

The British Tory party, however, is in a much more favourable position, since its principles, if not its practice, have always embraced values that put the national interest before the interest of industrial capital. Of course it became the party of private enterprise, but of much else besides. Indeed, so far as its rhetoric and myths are concerned, it has always avoided the bourgeois embrace, purporting to stand for patriotism before profitability.

What is more, it has not only succeeded in convincing itself about the genuineness of these

ideals, but also, more often than not, a majority of the people as well. No other party of the Right in short, is so well equipped to curb the temptations of technology, because no other party of the Right is so little committed to the ideology of letting business have its head, or so relatively well endowed with a popular support that is independent of business backing.

It can, of course, be argued that even with these advantages the Tory party is still infinitely less suited to this task than Labour, since the degree of planning and State interference involved, although possibly more palatable to the British Tories than, say, to the American Republicans, will come more naturally to any party of the Left than any party of the Right. At first glance this conclusion would seem to be sensible enough, but I suspect that in practice democratic parties of the Left will prove to be rather at a disadvantage in this matter.

What has to be recognised is that taming technology means, in many instances, persuading the public to forgo short-term, tangible economic advantages in the interests of longer-term intangible amenities blessings. The opposition, therefore, will not only, or even primarily, come from industry anxious to maximise its profits. It will also come from the poorer sections of the public who are more anxious for benefits now for themselves than altruistic concern about the welfare of future generations.

My own guess is that the Tory party, because of its relative ideological independence of the business ethic, and its alternative sources of inspirational and electoral support, will be better able to discipline the rich, and to make business accept the sacrifices inherent in taming technology, than Labour will be able to discipline the poor and make the trade unions do likewise; better able, that is, to persuade business to renounce the search for maximum profit than Labour will be to persuade the poor to forgo the benefits of maximum economic growth.

The temptations which technology offers the poor are irresistible for the Labour party, since it can turn to no alternative national ideal which would justify it in postponing the material advances that technology could so easily realise. The temptation which technology offers to the rich, however, can much more easily be resisted by the Tory party, and such a policy, far from outraging the conscience of the party, or involving it in governing against the grain of its deeper instincts, actually offers it an opportunity for fulfilling its historic mission.

Taming technology, in other words, may well prove a peculiarly Tory task—one ideally suited to the party's genius. What is plainly needed is a major party that has the confidence of industry but is not in industry's pocket, that is inspired by a national ideal, a patriotic vision, that transcends the limitations of capitalist economics; that is enslaved, ideologically and electorally, neither to the rich nor to the poor; that has a tradition of social paternalism without being committed to the dogma of economic interventionism.

These are the attributes which any political scientist, seeking to design an ideal instrument for coping with the technological challenge, would want to be able to lay his hands on, and if they did not exist would need to have invented. But in the Tory party they do exist, as if fashioned by history for precisely this purpose.

Political parties, no less than individuals, are attracted to tasks which they feel uniquely qualified to undertake, that offer them most scope for fulfilling their talents. Taming technology is such a task for the Tory party.



"C'mon, Fred—cheer us all up! Tell us about your holiday in Spain."

Waiting for Maudling on Ulster

By T. E. UTLEY

IN the past week Mr. Maudling has stripped himself painfully of the last of liberal illusions which have encumbered Government policy on Northern Ireland since the beginning of the present trouble. He has said that the Army is in a state of open war with the I.R.A. That, indeed, could be dismissed as a somewhat belated recognition of the obvious; but it is a phrase which will stick and which may well become a rod for the Home Secretary's back should he appear, in the months that lie ahead, to be showing less than appropriate vigour in handling violence in Ulster.

A number of specific chimeras have been exorcised. No one can any longer suppose that peace will be restored in Northern Ireland simply by adding to the list of reforms promised and conceded by the Government of Stormont. A sharp reply from the Foreign Office about relations with the Irish Republic has shown that there is no longer any thought that Mr. Lynch's support for pacification in the North can be bought by some simple formula about Irish unity in the distant future.

In short, what has now been recognised in Whitehall is that

what is going on in Ulster is a struggle for sovereignty. The choice is between submitting to the overthrow of lawful authority or defending by force the Constitutional position as confirmed by the Government of Ireland Act of 1949. This is not to say, of course, that a military solution to the Irish problem is possible. In the end, if there is to be a solution at all, it will be political.

There are real forces at work making for better community relations in the North; there are also forces at work in the South making for such modifications in government and in social life as could, in the long run, greatly improve the chances of co-operation between the two parts of Ireland. What matters now is that none of these forces can operate fruitfully unless violence in the North is put down promptly.

What is more, very little of a political nature can be done in the immediate future to foster these forces and much that could be attempted would defeat its own ends. It has always been possible in the North peacefully to advocate the re-unification of Ireland and to stand for Stormont on that platform. Today, in this community which so many British

journalists choose to regard as a Fascist enclave, the official organ of the political wing of the I.R.A. Provisionals sells publicly and the official leader of that wing is interviewed in the local Press along with Mr. Maudling and Lt-Gen. Sir Harry Tuzo, Northern Ireland G.O.C. Short of an actual offer to coerce the people of the North into political union with the South, it is hard to imagine what gesture the British Government could make with the smallest hope of assuaging the rebels.

So it is force that remains, force to be deployed against a single, ruthless enemy, now clearly identified by Mr. Maudling. The sources of violence in Northern Ireland have always been miscellaneous. But from the first, they have been stimulated and directed by the I.R.A., a fact to which liberal opinion in Britain has been wilfully and disastrously blind.

When the first need was to reinforce authority in face of this threat, Britain did everything possible to undermine authority, in the process killing two Northern Irish Governments which were both liberal and strong. Is Mr. Maudling, by sheer inertia, going to kill a third? Or is he now going to convince loyalist opinion in Ulster of his readiness to do and permit to be done whatever is necessary to win the war in the Six Counties?

To date the evidence is conflicting. Certainly, the recent searches have been unusually thorough, which suggests the beginning of a genuine "new phase". On the other hand, of those detained during the search only one still remains in custody. As a means of rooting out terrorists, large numbers of whom are personally known to the police, the arms search followed by arrest and prosecution is proving woefully inadequate.

Mr. Maudling says that he has no overriding political objection to internment. He implies that he is only waiting for the Security Forces to recommend its use.

No doubt, the expediency and the precise timing of such a measure call for expert judgment by those on the spot; but it is a political decision, the responsibility for which cannot be placed entirely on the shoulders of Gen. Tuzo. Mr. Faulkner, the Ulster Prime Minister, has never formally and publicly demanded internment, but it is part of the unwritten arrangements between Stormont and Whitehall that Stormont shall not demand formally and publicly anything which Whitehall would be embarrassed to accept. If Mr. Maudling speaks of this and other matters with as much urgency and clarity as Mr. Faulkner does, there would be far more confidence in his intentions.

What delays Mr. Maudling in giving formal approval to the creation of a permanent battalion

of the Ulster Defence Regiment? That would be a small enough sop to British patriots in Ulster who want some assurance that the province will be allowed some local resources for the keeping of order now and in the future. On Thursday Gen. Tuzo stated without qualification that he favoured this move. Is Mr. Maudling still held back by a paralysing fear of doing anything offensive to the Opposition in Ulster or doing anything to undermine the bipartisan policy at Westminster?

Finally, if there is really a civil war in the United Kingdom (a civil war which the I.R.A. declares that it intends to spread to these shores and which might at any moment erupt in Glasgow or Liverpool where Irish politics still matter), why is Parliament to go on its summer recess without a full-scale debate on this development?

Mr. Maudling has taken off his Whig clothes; he is yet to be fitted out with a suit of shining armour.

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Money in the Leicester Permanent is always available whenever you need it—and yet it earns a splendid 5% interest with income-tax paid by the Society. Not many other investments give you so much—and first class security too.

Find out more by talking to the manager of your local branch office. He will be pleased to advise you.

Leicester Permanent Building Society.
Head Office: 100, Leicester LE2 4PT. Branch Office addresses—see telephone directory.

FTER THE 'UNDERGROUND' v. ESTABLISHMENT CLASH...

The Judge's Dilemma

Who's who in the land of OZ

BODY can envy Judge Michael Argyle, Q.C., ask of having to decide to sentence the three editors in the Oz trial. An unbiased person who heard him at work during this trial must acknowledge that he has bent over backwards to ensure that a possible point of any defence to the defence has been put fairly and fully before the jury.

SO Oz, in its own phrase, has got busted, and its three leading lights—Richard Neville, Jim Anderson and Felix Dennis—are in gaol awaiting sentence, convicted of publishing, sending through the post and having for gain an obscene article in the form of Oz 28—the Schoolkids' Issue.



The three men of Oz whose trial concluded last week. Left to right: Felix Dennis, Richard Neville, James Anderson.

material and drugs the police searched not only Oz's offices but also the homes of several of its producers. Apart from these frontal assaults, the police have kept up oblique pressure by dropping in for friendly chats with the Underground Press's printers.

By DUFF HART-DAVIS

By Derek Roberts-Morgan

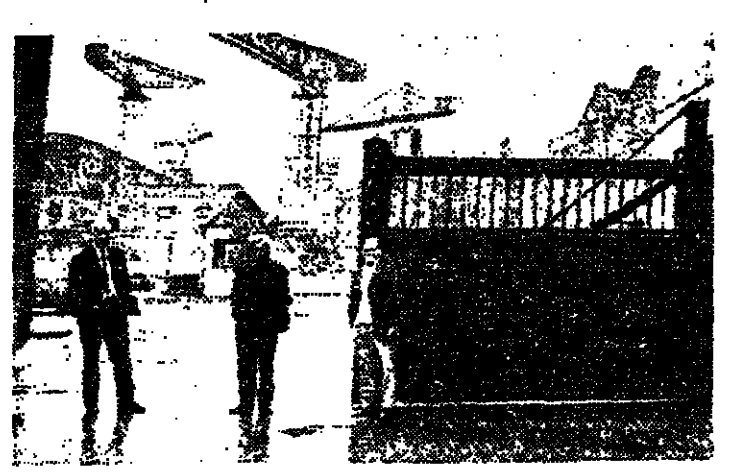
ings and reading matter would not be entirely out of place on the wall of a lavatory. It is likely that rather than any offensive message or the content of message itself, has given to the obscenity conviction.

Most people, in other words, will be relieved that this latest attempt to subvert the remains of our morality has been hit soundly over the head. And yet... what will the trial achieve? All it seems to have proved... at a cost estimated to be nearly £100,000... is that a fundamental difference exists between young and old in the idea of what is and what is not obscene.

way to seize material from the paper's office in Berwick Street, Soho, the police regularly pass and ignore at least a dozen shops which are openly selling the blindest of hardcore pornography. Nor has the harassment been confined to London. Last month copies of the second issue of Styng, produced in Barnsley, were seized by police from a bookstall in Leeds, and now six charges have been brought against the magazine.

THE obituary notices of Upper Clyde Shipbuilders appeared prematurely in several morning papers a fortnight ago. One of them was as follows:

WHY CLYDE YARDS DIED



Union "guards" at a Clyde yard yesterday.

"The Upper Clyde Shipbuilders consortium yesterday launched the £2,500,000 bulk carrier Glenpark, 26,000 tons, for the Glasgow firm J. & J. Denholm (Management). There were no cheers or champagne."

men, all headed up by equally idle foremen, who proliferated under the system, hung about all day waiting for other gangs to finish a job so that they could get in. All the gangs, working or idle, were split into demarcated groups of "who-does-what". But nobody tried to cope with this proliferation, not even when U.C.S. was set up. Union co-operation came only last year, too late. When U.C.S. was a few months old, Close-Up disclosed in a report that shook the Scottish authorities concerned, that plundering on a mammoth scale was going on all the time.

Benn was Minister of Technology and tried, in 1968, to cap the successful two-year experiment at Fairfields, where full union co-operation in productivity, reformed management, plus private and Government capital, were mother-cared into shape by George Brown at the old Department of Economic Affairs, in 1965.

By Paddy McGarvey

By Paddy McGarvey

Stewart, the chairman of Fairfields, reluctantly brought his group in because he believed a suggested prunty of the labour force by 5,000 from 13,000 to 8,000 would make the whole idea viable.

On Friday the workers themselves made a symbolic takeover of the yards which had no significance in financial fact, but a union leader felt obliged to say there would be no hoiliganing, no vandalism, and no drinking or 'bevvying', their quaint euphemism for prodigious performances in the latter.

Car spares famine eases, but prices stay high

A SERIES of confidential reports detailing shortages of spare parts for British cars may now never be released because motor firms privately have asked insurers: "Please don't rock the boat, we are getting back to normal."

By February of this year, the situation was so serious that the Vehicle Repair and Research Centre at Twickenham, Berkshire, operated jointly by the British Insurance Association and Lloyds, compiled detailed research into delays, and found our major motor firms were taking more than two months to supply some parts.

Target Offshore Fund. An international growth fund designed to provide maximum investment and tax advantages to investors throughout the world.

Form for Target Offshore Fund application, including sections for investor details, investment policy, and purchase of units.

THE DONKEY SANCTUARY. A registered charity dedicated to preserving the lives of donkeys. Includes a list of donors and a plea for more support.

ECONOMIC OPINION

What to do about the Clyde...
Economics in low esteem

WHAT should one's attitude be to the Government's announcement on Thursday about Upper Clyde Shipbuilders?

Two groups of people will have no difficulty at all. The "example" school of economic and political theorists will rejoice, in private if not in public, at the closure of two of the three yards which provides a demonstration of what is doomed to happen when inefficient management and restrictive labour practices make a business thoroughly unprofitable.

At the other end of the spectrum, a large section of the Labour Party, headed by Mr. Benn, can now in fury at a callous Government throwing men on the scrapheap.

But between these two extremes there is room for a wide variety of reactions. The more pragmatic socialists may wonder what would have been the reaction of their own Government if handed a report (signed, incidentally, by Lord Robens) which said that the project was doomed from the start and that "any continuation of U.C.S. in its present form would be unjustified."

Others will retort that the advisory group's terms of reference made no mention of social costs, and yet others conclude that the main difference between the two yards is that while Labour would only have closed one.

Then there are the people (by no means negligible) who point to the fact that shipbuilding all over the world is in a mess, and that many foreign yards receive State subsidies in one form or another. Another group will query whether there is scope in even the medium term for a major shipbuilding industry in Britain.

As for the economic hardliners, it is possible to believe that we do need more realism in our economic life and yet feel appalled that it is always somewhere like Glasgow, with too high unemployment anyway, where these disasters occur.

My own view is that the two intellectually most respectable arguments are these: on the one hand that it cannot make sense to go on running a business on a scale which gives it no prospect of being viable; on the other, that we will have to pay as much to men to do the work, as to work. Five thousand men at say £20 a week amounts to £5 millions in a year.

At first sight these two

arguments seem to point in completely opposite directions, but in reality I don't think they do. I think it is not destroying and an economic nonsense to pay people to do nothing for any length of time, but I can't see that it is good in any sense to pay people to work in a company that has no business to exist.

It is all very well to talk of switching to high technology industries, but with International Computers sucking £800, where is the percentage in that? The suggestion I make with some hesitation is this: it is accepted that over the next twenty

By PATRICK HUTBER

years we must be prepared to spend on the environment; might not the best way to spend Government time be on conscious environmental improvement, industrial reclamation, the removal, say of slagheaps, provided that this created jobs? At least the work would be useful, and the community would be getting something for its money.

THE economic news from America is certainly gloomy at present, with wage inflation apparently reaching ahead, unemployment high and apparently rising, and no sign of an upturn in capital spending.

This raises the question how far we have been labouring ourselves for so long are or are becoming, common to the Western world? After all, in a free country the incentives in an economic system must come under the heading of either "carrot" or "stick."

Suppose, though, you have a situation in which the carrot no longer works because the level of unemployment required to impose "discipline" in this sense is, and is known to be, unacceptable. (And incidentally is so differential that we have a large number of middle-aged men out of work and the younger working population relatively unscathed.) What then?

Only on Friday Dr. Arthur Burns, chairman of the U.S. Federal Reserve Board was saying that "the rules of economics are not working in quite the way they used to." My own conclusion is that both economic and social theory are in a dead end at present and both sciences at a very low ebb. No wonder that neither economists nor sociologists are exactly held in high esteem at present. For all our sakes I hope they do not so remain for long.

Few journalists can be more biased with a faithfulness following, judging by the number of letters I am getting pointing out how wrong I was.

The knifder readers award me 3-4 out of 10; I make my score 2-1. The scenario I then offered was based on the premise of continuing tight money, with thus higher bank rate, a call for special deposits and weak equity markets, culminating in a July package. I was right about inflation, right about action, (but not statutory action on prices and wages) in July, but wrong about all the rest, mainly because I did not foresee the reversal of money policy in the Budget.

One is used to prophecy, but life would be very dull if one didn't, so I doubt if I shall be able to break myself of the habit. Readers may now take down and destroy my list. I will keep my copy by me as an awful warning.

I have just received the first issue of *Going Metric*, issued by the Metrication Board. It is full of jolly chat about using a metric micrometer and select lists of preferred sizes of fasteners, but mercifully free of the jejune and question-begging propaganda contained in the Board's Annual Report.

I want to issue a very small challenge. I can quite see the convenience, in some cases, of industrial products being metric. But is there any single reason, beyond the fact that Lord Robens, Calder thinks a splendid idea, why the consumer should be dragged in? I genuinely would like to know.

A London production which opened at His Majesty's theatre on Feb. 16, 1967, has so far taken more than £2.6 million at the box-office. It is expected to continue grossing around £10,000 a week until it closes next Oct. 2 after its 2,030th performance.

This production was capitalised at £80,000, of which £67,500 was spent, leaving a reserve of £12,500 for contingencies. The money was put up by Harold Prince, the American producer; Richard Piltrow, the British producer; and two other partners.

So far the British production

How to become a Rich Man on Broadway

BACK in 1964 a group of 147 people decided on an investment that appeared to outsiders as an out and out gamble: they agreed to put up an average of £1,065 each to back a musical on Broadway.

The show they financed, "Fiddler on the Roof", has since turned into a theatrical legend and a money-making minor industry. At the Broadway Theatre tomorrow night, the curtain will go up on the 2,857th performance.

For Teyve it's a dream; for the backers of the show it has become reality. Their original investment of £156,250 has so far returned nearly £5 million in profit.

With the usual 50-50 split between management and backers, that means the "angels" who put up the initial finance have so far shared nearly £1.5 million, or an average of £10,200 each for a gain of 859 p.c.

Eleven days ago, "Fiddler" became the longest running musical in theatrical history when it passed the previous record of 2,844 performances set last Christmas by "Hello, Dolly".

Since Fiddler opened in New York on September 22, 1964, it has spun off numerous other money-making productions. There have been three American touring companies including one currently starring Robert Merrill.

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So far the British production



"If I were a rich man." Barry Martin as Tevye, and Stella Moray as Golda in the London production of "Fiddler on the Roof."

has returned its investors £240,000 in net profits, evenly divided among the four major partners. Each major partner's share of £60,000 may be further divided with 60 p.c. going to his backers. Richard Piltrow, for example, has 50 investors who have shared £36,000 in net profits so far.

There have been 30 successful overseas productions including Japan, Mexico, Turkey, Brazil and Iceland and even productions behind the Iron Curtain in Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia and East Germany.

So far, total world-wide attendance is reckoned at 35,500,000 and the show has grossed £23.3 million from American productions alone. The world-wide theatrical gross is probably around £46 million.

Not is that all. There have been 45 record albums of the complete score plus 18 "original cast" albums in such languages as English, Japanese, Hebrew, Yiddish, German, Spanish, French, Dutch, Norwegian and Swedish.

Total record sales from "Fiddler" are estimated to exceed 20 million with a probable gross of around £35 million.

While the Broadway stage production continues to gross close to £20,000 a week, plans are already in hand for the premiere of a film version in New York on November 3, part of the profits of which will go to the stage version.

United Artists, which made the film version, reports that advance bookings already exceed £520,000 and are expected to reach £1,250,000 before the film opens in three months' time.

"Fiddler" looks like going on

to earn more money for its backers, but it still has a long way to go to catch up with "Hello, Dolly," which it displaced as the long-run musical champ two weeks ago.

The angels who put up the initial bank-roll of £145,800 to launch "Dolly" on Broadway on Jan. 16, 1964, have so far seen it make a net profit of about £3.75 million. The backers' 50 p.c. share of that comes out at £1,875,000—a cool 1,186 p.c. gain on their investment.

Management's 50 p.c. of the profits goes in varying proportions to the authors, composers, impresario-producers and various other people who have, in the show business vernacular, "a piece of the action."

Two men who have a big slice of the action are Harold Prince, producer of "Fiddler," and David Merrick, producer of "Hello, Dolly".

Prince, the son of a wealthy New York stockbroker, hung around the fringes of show business as an assistant stage manager and occasional actor after leaving Pennsylvania University.

He bought the stage rights to a book called "Seven and a Half Cents," hired the necessary people and turned it into a musical called "Pajama Game". It earned him nearly two million dollars (£700,000). He ploughed back his profits into a string of hits like "Damn Yankees", "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum", "West Side Story" and "Cabaret".

David Merrick explains his run as probably America's most consistently successful producer by saying: "I'm rolling a hot pair of dice."

Raymond Palmer

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1. Income tax free withdrawal of 6% a year with a reasonable prospect of real capital appreciation.
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Capital appreciation	<input type="checkbox"/>
Amount available for investment £	ESH 11

TRIUMPH INVESTMENT TRUST

Earnings per share 40% higher

'Looking at the Group now, I see it at the end of the year in a very much stronger position than it was in at the beginning'

The following are extracts from the Statement of the Chairman and Managing Director, Mr. G. T. Whyte, for the year ended 31st March, 1971.

PROFITS AND DIVIDEND INCREASED
The net pre-tax group profit has increased from £2,154,000 to £3,374,000 while net after tax earnings per share have risen from 38.3p (9.58p per share) to 53.8p (13.45p per share) an increase of 40%.

The Directors recommend a final dividend of 21½ making a total of 33½ for the year (20½). Despite the challenges of the past year we have succeeded in maintaining the overall growth of the Group. In particular, we have made two excellent additions to our Group, the Resolute Insurance companies and the Metal Scrap & By-Products group of companies.

TRIUMPH INSURANCE COMPANY
For the third year running this company has produced a really splendid growth in profits. It goes forward with the desired combination of soundness and progressive outlook.

RESOLUTE INSURANCE COMPANIES
This very important acquisition has a large network of agents throughout the U.S.A. The companies' net tangible asset position is very strong and will support a substantial increase in business.

METAL SCRAP & BY-PRODUCTS LTD.
The second major acquisition carried out during the year was that of Metal Scrap & By-Products Limited. The investment—though something of a new departure—is perfectly in accordance with our declared principle of acquiring only companies which harmonize with existing interests.

BANKING ACTIVITIES
Our banking activities, concentrated in G. T. Whyte & Company Limited and its subsidiaries, have now reached a stage at which the increasing level of deposits is leading to the employment of liquid resources in the money market.

Copies of the Report and Accounts are available from The Secretary, Triumph Investment Trust Ltd., Pinnars Hall, Austin Friars, London, EC2N 2HR.

ENTRY INTO UNIT TRUST FIELD

I said last year that I believed we could expand much further in the field of financial services and I see no reason at this moment to alter my opinion. We have just made our first venture into the unit trust field by the acquisition of the management companies of the Oceanic Group of Unit Trusts.

STRENGTHENED POSITION FOR THE FUTURE

Looking at the Group now, I see it at the end of the year in a very much stronger position than it was in at the beginning. Its strength arises not merely from the very valuable and significant acquisitions made but also from underlying factors which are less easy to see. We know that areas which have not shown any improvement in profit during this last year have, in fact, now been consolidated and are poised for future growth.

THE CURRENT YEAR

I shall be very disappointed if at this time next year I am not reviewing yet one more year in which profits and earnings per share have satisfactorily increased.

SEVEN YEAR RECORD

(figures adjusted for capitalisation issues and changes in the basis of taxation)

Year ended 31st March	Group profits before taxation	Earnings per share	Gross dividend paid per share
1965	49	0.70	0.56
1966	168	1.66	1.13
1967	221	2.18	1.13
1968	344	3.09	2.00
1969	1,296	6.76	2.07
1970	2,154	9.58	6.50
1971	3,374	13.45	8.25

22% up since 1st January, 1971.
44.8% up since units were first offered in March, 1965.

In seeking high income from your investments, you should not ignore the opportunities for capital growth.

Most fixed interest investments such as bank deposits, building societies and national savings provide no growth prospects and often offer lower rates of interest.

By investing in Vavasasseur High Income Trust you can obtain not only the high income you are seeking but prospects of capital growth also.

With improving profits likely to come from the measures introduced in the October, March and July budgets, together with the benefits which may accrue from our probable entry into the Common Market, we

believe that share prices are likely to continue rising.

The portfolio is concentrated in:

U.K. Industrial Shares 51%;
U.K. Ordinary Shares 13%;
Commodity and Plantation Shares 30%;
Miscellaneous 6%.

Preference shares have been avoided because they seldom offer growth prospects. Remember the price of units and the income from them can go down as well as up.

The Managers urge you to invest now whilst many shares still offer a combination of high yield and good recovery prospects.

Vavasasseur High Income Units

are now on offer at 36.2p each until 7th August 1971.

To take advantage of this offer, simply complete and post the application form below, enclosing the remittance. The minimum investment is 200 units and thereafter in multiples of 20. The table of unit costs is set out below.

Shares and Gifts Exchange scheme—a means to obtain a spread of investment in shares without the risk of investing in individual shares.

Under this scheme you can exchange for units, quoted securities and Government Securities. You may receive a favourable price, and the sale of the securities would be free of commission and stamp duty. For details, tick box in application form.

Payment of interest: If you hold a certificate of this offer of units you will receive your first distribution of income on 22nd December, 1971, the second on 22nd June, 1972, and thereafter twice yearly on those dates.

The payments which accompany the distributions will be credited by the Inland Revenue in support of a claim for relief of tax.

Applications will not be acknowledged but certificates will be sent out on or before 15th September.

The offer may be closed earlier should the price vary by 10% or more. After the close of this offer units will be available at the daily quoted offer price. Current offer and bid prices are quoted daily in most national newspapers and are calculated in accordance with the Department of Trade and Industry Regulations.

An initial service charge of 5% is included in the offer price of the units. Out of this the Managers pay all costs in connection with the sale of units, including 1½% commission paid on gross proceeds through recognised agents. To meet administrative costs of the Managers and their companies the only service charge of 5% of one per cent is deducted from the gross income of the Trust.

The Trust was constituted by a Trust Deed dated 20th September 1966 and authorised by the Department of Trade and Industry. A further Supplemental Deed is dated 22nd June, 1970, 20th September, 1970, and 10th May, 1971. Copies of the Deed may be obtained from the Managers.

The Trust is managed by Vavasasseur Unit Management Ltd., 37-45 Tooley Street, London SE1 1TA, and by Vavasasseur Unit Trustees Ltd., 37-45 Tooley Street, London SE1 1TA. (A Member of the Association of Unit Trust Managers.)

Table of unit costs:
200 units £72.40 1,000 units £362.00 5,000 units £1,810.00
10,000 units £3,620.00 20,000 units £7,240.00 50,000 units £18,100.00

To Vavasasseur Unit Management Ltd., Dept. C, Dominion House, 37-45 Tooley St, London SE1
Sales Office: telephone 01-407 8751 (24 hour answering service).

I/We wish to buy _____ units in

VAVASSEUR HIGH INCOME TRUST

at 36.2p per unit (minimum holding 200 units).

I/We enclose a remittance of £_____

payable to Midland Bank Limited.

(Block Capitals Please)

Surname: _____

Mr. Mrs. Miss

Christian or First Name(s): _____

Address: _____

I/We declare that I am/We are not resident outside the Scheduled Territories and that I am/We are not acquiring the units as the nominee(s) of any person(s) resident outside these Territories.

Signature(s) _____

(If these are joint applicants all must sign and attach names and addresses separately). Date: _____

Vavasasseur
GROUP OF UNIT TRUSTS

High
Income
Trust

1997

new Bodycote

There is some informed opinion in the shares of Bodycote, the textile firm which Slater Walker has taken. It seems that Bodycote has an attractive unit which will take it into the profit-making trade at the moment. Feet Marwick is investigating the acquisition of a Manchester-based group of pre-tax profits of 000 a year. This is much more than Bodycote's profits, which are expected to reach 000 this year, so there is a suspension of Bodycote's shares if the negotiations are successful.

The event, Bodycote should be back to the market sub-ly higher.

The Slater camp-curve flush with cash—Bodycote, the shares ought to be a good buy at 24p.

risk again

AT old takeover chestnut Inveresk Paper has been bid out of the fire again. But time there's good reason thinking that the group's of independence are really there. The shares have now been revealed that

WATCHING BRIEF

and together this represents an attractive property investment in a growth area near the A2 and the Darnley Tunnel possibly worth £2 million to a bidder.

Elsewhere Inveresk has 15 acres of surplus industrial land at Macleodfield and an attractive lease on its 18,000-square-foot headquarters building in Tudor Street E.C.4.

Inveresk's share price is on its back due to its very poor trading performance. But the net asset value per share is apparently three times the present price of 22p.

evolution of the week

R.A. to race ahead

My information is correct. Mr. Maxwell Joseph's bid (after the Truman I Cunard bid situations have been decided) could be a Property Trust. I am sure that the bid is a stake in nominee names several weeks.

It probably has his eyes on the 16-acre site White City which will be developed (possibly to include hotels and an entertainment complex) and the property potential elsewhere in the G.R.A. operation.

Some brokers have said that the assets could ultimately be worth between 300p and 500p against the current market price of 94p. The shares were up a few pence on Friday and the market seems aware that a possible bid is around.

If it may be some way off. But G.R.A. is a bull market stock and should perform well without a take-over prop. A speculative purchase now carries little risk and should prove rewarding.

Malcolm Burne

twenty years' success

VE and Prosper's Investment Trust Units is the most fund in the country a solidly successful performer that goes back over 20 years.

Another growth fund comes from the fast expanding Barclay's Group. Income from Abbey Property Bonds and Growth Accumulator Trust—invested with the sole aim capital growth in mind—its City of London unit is a specialist in the financial sector.

Avastour's High Income offers the opportunity for capital

HOUSE OF FRASER

LIMITED

SUMMARY OF RESULTS FOR 5 YEARS (1966-1970)

ended January	1967	1968	1969	1970	1971
Revenue	99,582	101,172	100,284	117,388	140,183
Profit before Taxation	5,375	5,974	6,167	5,615	7,296
On Profit	2,005	2,401	2,592	2,244	2,567
On Dividends	1,165	1,165	1,219	1,268	1,429
	5,174	3,566	3,811	3,512	3,996
Profit available to Members	1,942	2,065	2,358	2,092	2,243
Dividends paid to members (net)	1,586	1,589	1,758	1,507	2,167
Retained	356	476	602	585	776
Recalculation	825	614	820	775	922
	928	1,095	1,432	1,083	2,246

Chairman, Sir Hugh Fraser, Bt, in his Statement with the Accounts for the year to 30th January, 1971, comments:

Turnover, Trading Profit and Net Profit attributable to members all reached record figures.

Extensive capital expenditure has been incurred in extending improving existing stores and those recently acquired. This to a large extent has been financed by the disposal of properties considered surplus to the Group's requirements.

A bonus issue has been recommended of 1 new Ordinary Share every 10 held.

It is proposed to increase the authorised capital of the company from £12,372,708 (of which £11,655,872 has been issued) to £20,000,000.

Thanks are due to all members of the staff for the enthusiasm and effort which they have displayed in making possible the results reported.

EXTRACTS FROM THE ANNUAL REPORT 1971

Once again record profits were achieved despite difficult trading conditions.

Mr. H. Kreitzman, Chairman

Sir John E. Cohen, Managing Director

TESCO

Gains in turnover since 1st March, 1971 are significantly greater than the corresponding period last year and I am hopeful that this is likely to continue.

In spite of keen competition in the Supermarket field generally, we have been able to increase our margin on sales to 5.32% (1970 5.26%). The increased sales in our Home 'n' Wear Division during the past year have certainly influenced this position.

Whilst we are not acquiring any Supermarket sites of less than 20,000 sq. ft. we are now actively negotiating for at least 2 out of town hypermarkets.

We are currently involved in investigating the possible entry to Europe as a logical extension of our future expansion programmes.

Year

1967 110,990 6,580 3,383 1,881 0.87 1.74 3,345

1968 180,888 8,213 4,997 2,011 0.90 2.05 4,348

1969 191,406 10,007 6,641 2,539 0.95 2.55 5,625

1970 228,427 12,426 7,426 2,825 1.07 2.82 6,225

1971 235,332 14,436 8,736 3,293 1.26 3.07 6,288

For details of the figures and the figures for the previous year, see the Annual Report.

A full copy of the Annual Report and Accounts is obtainable from the Secretary at Tesco House, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

TESCO STORES (HOLDINGS) LIMITED

Common Market Background

Non-tariff barrier reefs

WITH the prospect of a complete elimination of tariffs between Britain and other E.E.C. countries by 1977 if we do eventually become part of the community, attention is now turning to the next major area of trade obstruction—the "non-tariff" barriers.

An indication of this concern was given by Mr. John Davies, Secretary of State for Trade and Industry, in a recent speech to the printing machinery industry, where he described non-tariff barriers as constituting a "far greater deterrent to active competition than do tariffs themselves."

The problem of non-tariff barriers however, and their reduction or even elimination, is one of exceeding complexity. They ramify into every corner of the economy and even where visible, their significance is often almost impossible to quantify with any precision.

The General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade claims to have identified over 600 different non-tariff obstacles to international trade in existence among its members.

The largest single group is quantitative restrictions on goods entering a country. They are also the most obvious. Although import quotas have, in general, diminished in the post-war period there has been some revival of their use in recent years and a growing pressure, especially in the United States, for an extension of such restrictions.

One of the most blatant examples of this type of restriction is indeed in the U.S. where imports of crude oil and petroleum products are limited to 12.2 p.c. of estimated domestic production.

Preference by governments to domestic producers can also create a major obstacle to international trade. This problem grows in importance as governments continue to spend an increasing proportion of a country's total output.

In some countries there is legislation to back up such a policy. The "Buy American Act" of the U.S. is an example. But even where no such official policy exists, "unofficial" preference to domestic suppliers is often the practice.

Regional policy, with its wide range of incentive schemes, tax

rebates and depreciation allowances, is an example of a policy which, although designed with specific domestic goals in mind, nevertheless gives home producers an advantage against foreign competition.

Assistance to industry under regional policy is now so extensive that differences in regional policies between E.E.C. countries and prospective members and

tariff on such goods turns out to be that much higher and the protective effect that much greater than it would be if the tax was based on the export price of the goods, as is usual.

Other major areas of non-tariff impediments to trade are export subsidies and border tax adjustments. The latter are taxes imposed on goods at the border, on top of normal import

Such a tightening up of technical and health standards on goods and services, while indisputably in the consumers' interest, nevertheless adds to the more general suspicion that as tariff barriers go down countries are increasingly resorting to non-tariff barriers to maintain protection for their domestic industries.

Some experts, however, interpret this apparent increase in non-tariff barriers in another way. They argue that although non-tariff barriers may appear to be playing an increasing role in international trade, they have always been there but were hitherto concealed behind tariff walls. Now that the tariffs have been reduced to low levels, the non-tariff barriers they were concealing stand revealed.

Hence the current pre-occupation with the latter.

Tackling non-tariff barriers, such as those described, is only a beginning. Behind these, and much more difficult not only to deal with but even to discern, are non-tariff barriers operated at a private level.

Old-boy networks, clubs, societies etc., they are all essentially nationalistic and their effect is to discriminate against the foreign competitor.

Exporters to Japan complain bitterly that Japanese industry appears to be one great big Old Boy network, the penetration of which by the outsider is impossible. There is also a very close relationship in Japan between government and industry.

On top of all this, imports into Japan are channelled through about 16 private trading houses, so that if these houses decide, or are asked by the government, to delay or reduce orders for imports, an effective barrier against the foreigner is put into operation about which nothing can be done, not even a complaint registered.

By 1972, the implementation of the final Kennedy Round will bring average tariff levels on manufactured goods down to about 10 p.c. In the meantime both the G.A.T.T. and the E.E.C. Commission are working on the problem of non-tariff barriers. The E.E.C. Commission is trying to persuade the governments involved to open up to the extent of their activities in this sphere according to what is known in Brussels as the "transparency principle."

It looks as if the major round of trade liberalisation talks within the G.A.T.T. is suspended at least until the outcome of Britain's negotiations with the E.E.C. is clarified one way or the other. But it is almost certain that non-tariff barriers will be the main item on the agenda when it next meets.

BY FRANK GOULD

the problems of harmonising such policies have already created a major area of dispute.

With no common system of classification and valuation of goods in existence, customs officials are able to classify goods in ways which are more or less favourable to the exporter.

The American Selling Price system, whereby certain imports are valued at the (usually higher) selling price of similar goods produced in the U.S. provides a good example of this practice.

The result is that a tax or

deduces, to bring them into line with domestic taxes.

One other obstacle, the incidence of which appears to be increasing, is in the field of technical and health regulations governing the importation of particular goods.

Safety regulations and anti-pollution requirements on cars are an example of this which have caused considerable difficulties in the last few years for European car exports to the U.S. But this aspect of the problem encompasses the whole field of differences in national standards.



46-53 Bedford Square, W.C.1, one of eight major properties in the Abbey Property Bond Fund with an aggregate value of £23,000,000.

Now at £55,000,000,
the Abbey Property Bond Fund is bigger
than all the others put together.
That's why we can give you a stake in
the best properties around.

Property Bonds have now become a fully accepted and successful method of investment. None more so than Abbey Property Bonds.

So much so that, at the time of writing, our fund stands at more than £55,000,000.

With this behind us we can purchase, on favourable terms, large individual properties costing millions of pounds each. (As illustrated by 46-53 Bedford Square, W.C.1, shown above, which is valued at over £3,000,000.)

Most other funds just cannot afford such large transactions.

Obviously, investment on such a scale brings rewards on the same scale, both in growth and security.

In the last 12 months alone, Abbey Property Bonds rose in value by 10.5% (including the reinvested rental income net of tax). To achieve the same result a standard rate taxpayer would have required a gross income of 14.8% on his money.

In the same 12 months, investors continued to place an average of £2 million with us each month.

Which should enable us to move on to even bigger and better things.

Security

The Abbey Property Bond Fund is the biggest and most successful in Britain. We have 26,000 policy holders with an investment of over £55 million.

Abbey Life itself, one of Britain's best known Life Assurance Companies, with assets exceeding £120 million, is a member of the £2,400 million ITT Group.

Built-in Life Assurance

As long as you hold Abbey Property Bonds, which are single premium life assurance policies, your life is assured automatically, at no extra cost.

In the event of your death the amount payable to your family will be either the current value of your Bonds, or the amount shown on the life cover table on the application form—whichever is the greater.

Naturally, if you've withdrawn money from the Fund, the amount of life cover will be correspondingly less.

6% p.a. Tax Free

Provided you make a single investment of not less than £1,000 you may, if you wish, withdraw up to 6% of the value of your Bond each year—entirely free

from Income Tax and Capital Gains Tax.

Provided total annual appreciation is not less than 6%, your Bond would retain its original value (calculated at the offered price of the Units).

The annualised growth rate achieved has in fact exceeded 6% since the Bonds were introduced.

Income Tax & Capital Gains Tax

With Abbey Property Bonds you have no personal liability to Income Tax or Capital Gains Tax either while you hold them or when you cash them. The Company is liable to income tax on the rental income, at the special Life Assurance Company rate—currently 37.5%.

The Company also has the right to make deductions to cover its own Capital Gains Tax liabilities, but this is not adjusted for in the Unit price. In present circumstances, it intends to limit this deduction to two-thirds the normal rate.

Surtax

Surtax payers are liable to surtax (or higher rate tax after 1973) when they cash in or on death, depending on their surtax situation at the time of cashing in. There are a number of provisions which enable a surtax payer to reduce, and possibly eliminate, the liability and very high surtax payers should contact Abbey Life for precise details.

Investment Policy

The Abbey Property Bond Fund is managed by the Property Division of Hambros Bank.

It's invested in top industrial and commercial properties with really sound tenants. To name but a few—National Westminster Bank, Esso Chemicals, The Post Office, W. H. Smith, American Express, IPC and Boots.

Because the value of some types of properties were lower during 1970, some particularly attractive purchases with very good long-term growth prospects were made.

The Fund also buys sites and constructs its own buildings in conjunction with approved developers. Naturally, this is only undertaken with letting of the completed properties guaranteed in advance.

Up to 25% of the Fund can be applied in this way.

Regular Valuations

Once a month a valuation of the

Fund's properties is carried out by the Fund Managers.

These valuations are then confirmed by Richard Ellis and Son, Chartered Surveyors.

Unit prices are published daily in leading national newspapers.

Low Charges

To pay for life cover and management expenses, Abbey Life charges 5%—which is included in the offer price. Plus a small rounding-off price adjustment.

After that charges total only three-eighths per cent a year.

All expenses of managing, maintaining, and valuing the properties as well as the cost of buying and selling the Fund's investments, are met by the Fund itself.

Cashing in Your Bonds

You can normally cash in your Bonds at any time and receive the full bid value of the Units, subject only to any adjustment for Capital Gains Tax, as described earlier.

In exceptional circumstances the Company retains the right to defer pay-

ment for up to six months pending realisation of properties.

However, the Company maintains adequate liquid resources, similar to that of building societies, so in normal circumstances there should be no delay in cashing in.

Disclosure of Information

As a Bondholder, you'll receive our Annual Report with full details of the entire Portfolio.

This includes photographs of the properties. And full financial information to let you see exactly how your money is invested.

As a new Bondholder you'll receive a current Annual Report with your Bonds.

How to Invest

Fill in and post off the completed application form, together with your cheque.

As soon as it's accepted, you receive your Bonds which show the number of Units you've been allocated in the Abbey Property Bond Fund.

Abbey Property Bonds

With so much behind us, it's no wonder we're ahead.

To: Abbey Life Assurance Company Limited, Abbey Life House, 1-3 St Paul's Churchyard, London, EC4M 8AR Tel: 01-248 9111

I wish to invest £_____ in Abbey Property Bonds (any amount from £100) and I enclose a cheque for this amount payable to Abbey Life Assurance Company Limited.

Surname (Mr./Mrs./Miss) _____

Full First Names _____

Address _____

Occupation _____ Date of Birth _____

Are you in good physical and mental health and free from the effects of any previous illness or accident?

If not, please give details _____

Do you already hold Abbey Property Bonds or Abbey Equity Bonds or another Abbey Life Policy?

Tick here for 6% Withdrawal Plan (minimum single investment £1,000) ☐

★ Send in your application and cheque to obtain the benefits of Units allocated at the current offer price of £1.17. This price will apply until Tuesday August 3rd, which is valuation day. Thereafter Units will be allocated at the offer price ruling on receipt of your application.

Signature _____

Date _____

Age when buying Abbey Property Bonds

Age when buying Abbey Property Bonds	Life Cover per £100 invested
Under 30	£250
30-34	£220
35-39	£190
40-44	£160
45-49	£130
50-54	£110
55-59	£90
60-64	£70
65-69	£50

Confirmation of 15% will be held on any Application bearing the stamp of a Bank, Insurance Broker, Stockbroker, Accountant or Solicitor. This confirmation is issued on legal advice given by the Company's solicitors and is not intended to be relied upon in any way. The application and the life cover cover come into force only upon acceptance by the Company, and the life cover may be withdrawn.

1971, and may be changed again if the different price differs from the price of the same product in the United States. The prices of the products of the other countries will be available at the daily quoted price published by the U.S. Customs Service.

READERS ASK

Need my daughter pay this £100?

TEENAGE daughter has taken a secretarial job in m and in common with young people wants to away from home. She obtained a flat through an unmoderation agency and is to move in but has just set a bill from the agency for £100 for their services. My daughter does not mind paying a reasonable fee but £100 is excessive for doing out dress. If she refuses to pay she is sued as she is 18.

She need not pay the a penny. The Court of decided last month that agents were not entitled to the prospective tenants supplying them with ses, they must make what they can from landlords, agency threaten to sue could point out that she it was illegal and they e liable to criminal pro-

Under the Trades Des- us Act travel agents in country who book holidays are liable if the adver- scription does not reflect You should take the up with him again.

SON was driving home last month in a borrowed, and was stopped by the e and asked to produce

his driving documents, within five days. When he asked his friend for his insurance certificate they both discovered for the first time that the insurance did not cover anyone under 25 years old and that consequently my son was uninsured. The police say that my son will be prosecuted for using a car without insurance. But surely as he was acting in good faith he cannot be guilty. The law says "yes," even if your son had no knowledge that he was uninsured he is still guilty. Using a vehicle without insurance is an absolute offence and the only persons who can escape conviction are employees unaware that their firm had not insured the vehicle.

TO MY consternation my local council have allowed the florists' shop opposite to be turned into a fish and chip shop. I maintain that this is completely out of keeping with the character of a quiet residential neighbourhood such as ours. Can I do anything to prevent the noise and odours that will inevitably follow. If you find these become serious enough you could apply for an injunction for nuisance in your local county court. In a bad enough case the court would order steps to be taken to remove the nuisance, or at least reduce it to tolerable proportions.

READERS would like to know that we now have a full-time legal correspondent, to answer queries that are predominantly legal, rather than investment. The advice is free and letters should be addressed to the Legal Correspondent, c/o Investment Inquiry Bureau, Sunday Telegraph, 112, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4.

THICKLY disguised as a work of complicated statistics, Dr. Bracewell-Milne's book "The Measurement of Fiscal Policy," published this morning, is really a highly political work.

Drill as the title may sound (and duller still the subtitle, "An Analysis of Tax Systems in terms of the Political Distinctions Between 'Right' and 'Left'"), the conclusions of this lengthy study of the tax arrangements in 15 European countries are far from boring. They include the view that:

The United Kingdom's taxation policy is to the political Left of every country in Europe.

Neither the March 1971 Budget nor the July 1971 "mini-budget" have substantially changed the position.

If the British tax system were to conform to the average in Western Europe it would mean that the maximum rate of investment income tax would be reduced from 89 p.c. to 65 p.c., the maximum rate of estate duty would come down from 80 p.c. to 25 p.c. and the maximum rate of earned income tax would be cut from 75 p.c. to 60 p.c.

Dr. Bracewell-Milne believes that none of these changes would be costly to the Exchequer.

The author, who is Economic Director of the C.B.I., approaches his conclusions after indulging in a number of complicated exercises in advanced statistics. He rejects the normal ways of measuring the political qualities of tax systems—by concepts of "equality" and "progressiveness."

The measure of inequality, while being politically attractive, is the "least acceptable statistic." He argues that the concept of "tax progressiveness" whether applied to a single tax or the whole system, is "self-contradictory."

Instead he puts forward three ways of measuring or comparing tax systems. The height of the tax system, the taxation of saving relative to spending and the graduation of the tax system.

Taxes, taxes everywhere

He argues that these measures give a clearer view of the political qualities of the tax system. That is how a country treats its rich and poor.

The author takes as the rule that a high value of any of these measures represents a system relatively to the "Left" and a low system relatively to the "Right."

The conclusions do not differ so widely from those of other writers in the same field who have used the yardsticks which Dr. Bracewell-Milne has

By LEITH McGRANDLE

rejected. But the findings do add more statistical evidence to what many laymen feel in a vague sort of way and what many (Conservative) politicians have included in their speeches. That taxes are more burdensome in Britain than abroad and that savings are treated more harshly.

Yet there are a number of points in Dr. Bracewell-Milne's report on which one feels rather uneasy. The whole concept of "Right" and "Left" in politics is open to question.

It is a convenient but not terribly accurate shorthand. Dress-

ing up the concept in elaborate statistics (Austria warrants 1.8921 on the principal measure of tax systems at the very right of the spectrum against Britain's 3.4752 at the very left) runs the risk of giving exact mathematical respectability to something of a very debatable nature.

Secondly, enormous subjective judgments come into some of the basic definitions. In the glossary, for example, among the definitions of such weighty characters as "Intension" and "Gini Coefficient" appears "Progressive," which is defined as "liberal, politically of the Left." Well, is not the sort of definition which the editor of an underground newspaper might suggest.

Finally, the author does seem a wee bit impatient with the current Government's attempts to change the tax system. He criticises the Tories for making so little change in their 15 years between 1951 and 1966 (truly wasted as far as the tax reformers were concerned) but appears to chide them for only reducing the "graduation" of the system by 10 p.c. since the 1970 Election while they raised it by 16 p.c. during the 15 years.

Barely a year after they took office it hardly seems too much to ask that they be given a little more time.

The subject is one which is inevitably fraught with value judgments which can never be removed by statistics, for it all comes down in the long run to how much or how little the political rulers believe they can tax each section of the population.

However, by any standard the work provides formidable support for those who argue for the reform of the present tax system (from the political right) and should help in the debate about the changes which will be made in the tax system if Britain joins Europe.

"The Measurement of Fiscal Policy" by Dr. Barry Bracewell-Milne is published by the C.B.I. at £5, post free.

Shipping Industrial Holdings Limited

Record Profits in 1970

Record profits, before tax, of £4,247,000 were earned in 1970, including £1,557,000 from the Landel Group acquired during the year. Considerable growth took place in the operations of S.I.H. and, with the Landel acquisition and that of Dene Shipping Company Ltd. early in 1971, a much broader operating base is now established.

Clarksons Shipbroking and Shipowning Divisions alone provided a substantially larger net profit in 1970 than did the whole of the Group during the previous year; a suitable setting for the honour bestowed on Clarksons by the "Queen's Award" given for the first time for contributions to Britain's invisible earnings.

Insurance Underwriting and Broking both had good years, while the Holidays Company, engaged in a major system change to Computer operations, carried profitably over 500,000 passengers. There was continuing improvement in the Freight

Division which contributed to Group profits.

Prospects for 1971

So, with the stronger base which has been established and, provided there are no unforeseen operational setbacks, or that material changes over the next six months do not adversely affect the national or international environment in which our operations are set, we would expect results for 1971 on a like-for-like basis to be comparable with those achieved in the favourable year of 1970.

To look further ahead is often impossible, but at this stage we are prepared to say that while on one hand S.I.H. is now better able to withstand problems or setbacks in any one part of its operations, on the other hand the broader base which has been achieved should equally encourage growth as well.

Comparative Figures	1970	1969	1968
Group Profit before Taxation	£4,247,000*	£1,677,000	£1,368,000
Group Profit available for appropriation	£2,559,000	£908,000	£743,000
Earnings per 25p share	20.55p	10.67p	8.88p
Dividend per 25p share	8.75p	4.50p	3.88p

*Group Profit before Taxation includes £1,557,000 from the Landel Group acquired during the year.

Principal Activities



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Copies of the Report and Accounts are available from The Secretary, 15 St. Helen's Place, London, EC3A 8DQ.

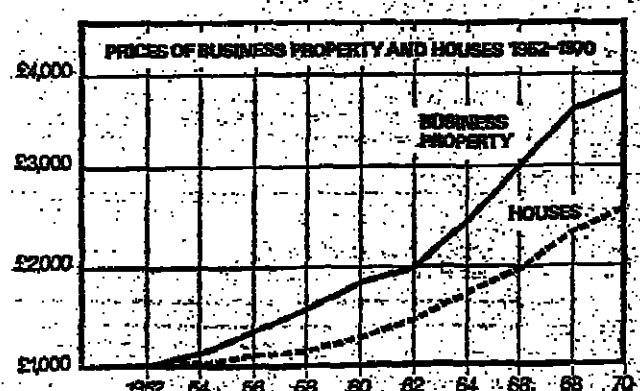
Draw 6% p.a. tax free

-with all the security and growth potential of Hambro Property Investment Bonds

Since the beginning of May over 3,250 people have invested nearly £4,000,000 to make the launch of Hambro Property Investment Bonds the most successful ever.

Why? Because of the following important advantages:

1. The security and growth potential of first-class business property.
2. Backing by Hambros, one of the most famous names in British banking.
3. Management by an outstandingly successful team, led by Mark Weinberg, with an advisory panel of property experts.
4. Increasing life assurance cover built in at no extra cost.
5. Valuable tax advantages.



1 First-class business property
Everyone knows from their own experience that the prices of houses have risen dramatically over the years. The graph (especially commissioned by Hambro Life from the Economist Intelli-

gence Unit) shows how business property has risen in value even more dramatically over the last 18 years. Naturally, there can be no guarantee that business property prices will continue to rise in the future at the same rate as they have in the past.

To combine the prospects of good capital growth with a secure and rising rental income, the policy of the Fund is to invest in first-rate office buildings, shops and industrial premises in the growth areas of the United Kingdom, let on long leases to good quality tenants with regular rent reviews. Initially, up to 20% may be invested in financing new buildings in partnership with established developers. To improve its yield and growth prospects, the Fund may, in proper circumstances, buy property subject to an existing mortgage or borrow against properties to purchase further buildings, provided total borrowing does not exceed 25%.

Rental and other income, after expenses, charges and tax, is automatically reinvested in the Fund to increase the value of your Bonds.

2 The security of Hambros
Hambro Life is a member of the Hambros Bank Group. This means that as well as enjoying the backing of one of the leading merchant bank groups in the world, Hambro Life will be able to invest the whole of its Fund in property. The Company has a standby credit with Hambros Bank—initially set at £1 million—which makes it unnecessary to maintain a margin of liquidity inside the Fund in present circumstances.

3 Management expertise
Hambro Life is managed by a team, led by Mark Weinberg, who have had outstanding experience in the field of property bonds. Their achievements include: founding and building up one of the

How you can draw 6% p.a. tax free

If you invest at least £1,000 you can take advantage of the 6% per annum Cash Withdrawal Plan.

Twice a year, 3% of your Units will automatically be cashed-in and you will be sent a cheque for the proceeds. This amount is free of income and capital gains tax.

Assuming the net rental income accumulated in the Fund is 3 1/2% per annum, the capital value of the investments in the Fund will have to grow by

2 1/2% p.a. (after allowing for capital gains tax) in order to maintain the original value of the Bonds calculated at the offered price. Of course, to the extent that the capital growth is greater, the value of your remaining Bonds will grow even after you have drawn 6% per annum in cash.

*If you're a surtax payer, you'll be liable for surtax solely on the profit element in the 6%.

largest and most successful life assurance companies in the country.

A panel of experts with wide property experience has been set up to determine policy and to supervise the investment of the Fund. The members of the panel are: J. E. Cullis, Chartered Surveyor; J. N. C. James of the

Grosvenor Estate; and Geoffrey Morley, former investment manager of the Shell Pension Fund. Under the guidance of these experts, a full-time property investment manager, who is himself a Chartered Surveyor, will manage the Fund on a day-to-day basis.

A leading firm of Charter-

ed Surveyors, Messrs. Jones, Lang, Wootton, will independently value the properties in the Fund at least once a year.

4 Increasing life assurance

Unlike any other property bond, Hambro Property Investment Bonds have a built-in life assurance benefit which actually increases with the value of the Bonds themselves. This means that the amount payable either to your family or your estate on your death is always in excess of the actual cash-in value of your Bonds.

5 Tax advantages

The rental and other income which is accumulated in the Fund for your benefit is subject to tax at only the reduced life assurance company rate of 37 1/2%. It is not treated as your income for tax purposes, so that you pay no income tax on it. There may be a liability to surtax when you take out the proceeds if you are then liable to surtax, but this amount is calculated on advantageous terms.

You are not liable to capital gains tax, and do not have the trouble of keeping records. The price of the Units is adjusted to allow for the Fund's own prospective liability. In current circumstances it is intended to restrict this deduction to 20% of the capital growth.

How can I watch the value of my Bonds?

The Hambro Property Investment Fund is split into Units and the value of the Fund is calculated twice a month. The resulting offered and bid prices are published in The Times, Financial Times and other leading national newspapers.

How do I cash my Bonds?

You can cash-in your Bonds at any time by sending in a simple claim form, and will receive a cheque within a few days.

To ensure that Bondholders receive the maximum value when cashing-in their Bonds—even in the very unlikely circumstances when it may be necessary to sell properties to meet withdrawals—the Company considers it prudent to reserve the right to defer repayment in exceptional conditions for up to 6 months. This will not apply in the case of the death of a Bondholder.

What are Hambro Life's charges?

The offered price of the Units takes into account an initial charge of 5% and a rounding-up charge on unit trust principles. In addition, Hambro Life receives an annual charge of 2% of the value of the Fund. This covers the cost of providing the life assurance benefit as well as the Company's expenses.

The cost of buying, selling and managing the properties, as well as the valuation fees, are paid out of the Fund, and will not exceed the charges laid down by the Royal Institution of Chartered Surveyors.

Annual Report

Every year, you will be sent the Annual Report of the Fund, giving a full description of all the properties, the names of the tenants and when the rents under the leases come up for review, together with the valuations of the property by the independent valuers.

How do I buy Hambro Property Investment Bonds?

Simply complete the application form and send it in with a cheque for the amount you wish to invest. Your Bonds will be sent to you within four weeks.

To: Hambro Life Assurance Limited

6 Little Portland Street, London, W.1. 01-637 2781

I wish to invest £ (minimum £250) in Hambro Property Investment Bonds and enclose a cheque for this amount payable to Hambros Bank Limited.

Surname: Mr./Mrs./Miss _____

Full First Names _____

Address _____

Occupation _____ Date of Birth _____

Are you in good health and free from effects of any accident or illness? ☐ If not, please give or attach details.

Tick here for 6% Cash Withdrawal Plan (minimum investment £1,000)

Signature _____

Date _____ ST SP 5

Send in your application and cheque now to get the benefit of Units allocated at the current offered price of £1.016. Offer closes on Friday, 6th August, 1971.

The death benefit is a percentage of the cash-in value of your Bonds, depending on your age at death. Specimen examples are set out below (a full table appears in the Bond policy).

Age 30-250%
Age 40-120%
Age 50-100%
Age 60-111%
Age 70-104%

These benefits come into force only upon the acceptance of your application by the Company, which reserves the right to offer restricted life cover if you are not in good health or for any other reason. Commission of 1% will be paid on any application bearing the stamp of a bank, insurance broker, solicitor, accountant or estate agent. This advertisement is based on legal opinion regarding present law.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

County Borough of TEESIDE

CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER
AND TOWN CLERK (DESIGNATE)

Applications are invited from persons able to demonstrate outstanding ability in top level management, either in local government or other spheres. The person appointed will be head of the Council's paid service and its principal adviser, will be the leader of the Council's team of specialist officers, and will be responsible for:

- The initiation and integration of the staff work of this team to enable the Council to make optimum use of its expertise in determining its policies;
- The general management of the Council's administration and the co-ordination or integration of inter-departmental efforts.

For these purposes, such person will have authority over all heads of departments.

To free the Chief Executive Officer and Town Clerk of direct departmental responsibilities, the Council proposes appointing an Associate Town Clerk as the head of the Town Clerk's department.

The successful applicant will be Chief Executive Officer and Town Clerk Designate and, until the retirement of the present Town Clerk and Chief Executive Officer in August, 1972, will work with the latter.

The salary will be £7,500 per annum until August, 1972, when it will increase to not less than £9,000 per annum on taking over full duties. These amounts are subject to review in the light of the outcome of current national negotiations.

Applications (for which there is no official form but giving the names of two referees) should be sent to me in an envelope marked "Appointment of Chief Executive Officer and Town Clerk (Designate)" to be received by the 30th September, 1971.

E. C. PARR,

Town Clerk and Chief Executive Officer.

Municipal Buildings,
Middlesbrough,
Teeside TS1 2QH.COMPANY
ACCOUNTANT

In connection with expansion programme of this Private Company due to appointment as distributors for Morris, M.G., Wolseley, A. vacancy has arisen for a qualified Accountant to take full control of Accounts Dept. Must be capable of providing information for Management Accounting. Previous experience of similar position in Motor Trade preferable but not essential. New suite of offices to be complete and equipped within 6 months. Salary negotiable according to qualifications and experience. Car provided. Written applications only, to be treated in strictest confidence.

SOUTHWELL ROAD
MOTORS LTD.,
Southwell Road West,
Mansfield, Notts.

GET IT STRAIGHT

From the man himself.
How you can earn £2,500 up to £6,000 is told on
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Listen to him, anytime.
But Shh! You don't say a word.

ACCOUNTANT
REQUIRED

Experienced up to trial balance for progressive group of companies. Good prospects, other fringe benefits.

Salary about £1,650

Write or telephone

Mrs. Honder 01-437 7722
43, Conduit Street, W.1.

EXPORT

SHIPPING CLERK
required by Enfield manufacturers. Experience, export documentation essential. Good salary and prospects. Preferred age 20/25 years. Apply in writing to:
Export Manager, Reynolds Ltd.,
Southbury Rd., Enfield, Middx.

MANAGER

Capital Equipment Projects

GKN Contractors Ltd. is a company within the GKN Group which undertakes Capital Equipment Projects. Due to rapid expansion a vacancy exists for an experienced Projects Manager with a proven record of success. The offices are at Redditch in North Worcestershire with pleasant surroundings in easy reach. Salary negotiable according to age and experience. Assistance with relocation can be provided. Send for an application form to:
C. A. Hely-Hutchinson, GKN Contractors Ltd.,
P.O. Box 19, Redditch, Worcs.

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(A Member of the Court Line Group)

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PRODUCTION MANAGER

For their ultra-modern factory, opening in December, 1971, purpose-built to supply both the Airline and Industrial Catering markets. Aged under 35, the suitable applicant will possess a National Diploma in Food Technology or equivalent qualification, be completely conversant with advanced production techniques in bulk meal supply, and be able to demonstrate a career progression to senior management level.

This is a permanent position offering a commencing salary of between £2,750 and £3,250 per annum. The successful applicant must be prepared to take up domicile in the Luton district and will be required to commence his duties during October, 1971.

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MOTORING

By John Lucas

Drive to beat
the car thief

SCOTLAND Yard, worried at the enormous scale of stolen vehicles, and goods stolen from them, are to launch a beat-the-thief campaign shortly.

Thefts involving vehicles account for a quarter of all crimes committed in London, and the toll is increasing: in 1968, 7,018 vehicles vanished from the streets; in 1969, 8,065 and last year 8,400. About 146,000 are stolen throughout the country as a whole. Thefts from parked vehicles in London streets alone topped 34,300 last year.

"Much of the risk of car thefts could be avoided if owners took a few simple precautions," Chief Supt. Peter Marshall, the Yard's crime prevention co-ordinator, told me. "Any sort of deterrent is better than nothing, though we think the steering lock is best because it is combined with the ignition and the car can be locked in a single movement when the key is removed."

"Unless he is a specialist, any opportunist walking along a row of parked cars will leave alone the cars that seem to have some kind of protection and try to take one that hasn't."

Thanks to an agreement between the Home Office and the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, steering locks have been built into all cars in production since the beginning of this year. Older cars can have them installed for about £8 or £9 plus fitting charge.

Barrier fight

SIR CLIVE BOSSOM, M.P. for Leominster, has urged in the Commons the adoption of additional brighter rear lights on cars, but though the Government spokesman gave him his general support, he ruled out legislation to make them compulsory.

A member of the R.A.C.'s policy committee, he now has another battle on his hands over motorway central reservation barriers. They are conspicuously absent from the new stretch of M3 because "acceptable contractual arrangements" could

not be made before it was opened.

Five miles of M3, the section between Frimley, Surrey, and Lightwater, will get central barriers by the end of the year. The rest of M3—around 25 miles of it—by 1974/5.

The Ministry seems to want barriers only where there is a danger. Sir Clive told me: "Well, you have to have a few deaths or injuries to have a danger. I would be happier to see a few miles dropped from the motorway programme and the money saved spent on barriers. It would be much wiser in the long run."

I agree. Those who read these notes a year ago this weekend may recall an interview with a doctor from the Luton and Dunstable Hospital, a stone's throw from M1. His remarks about the lack of central barriers were tragically endorsed on the day my report appeared. There was a serious crossover crash on M1 near Northampton, in which seven people were killed.

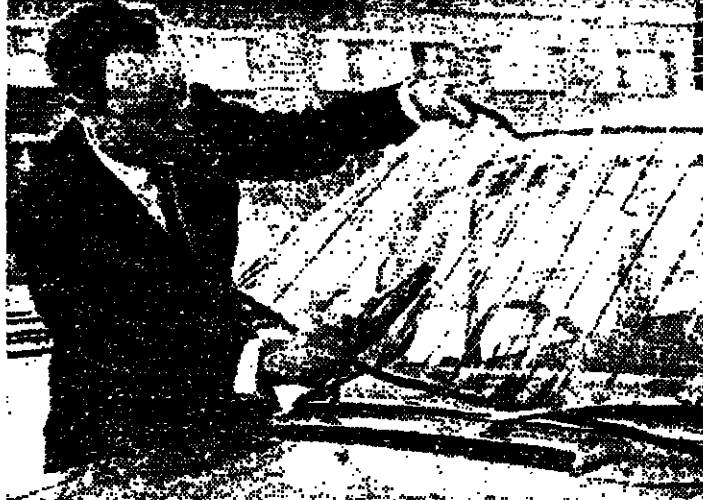
Tyre eaters

MY note two weeks ago about the problem of getting rid of old tyres can now be brought up to date, with news from two sources.

Goodyear, the tyre firm, has just ordered from the Worcester firm of Redman Heenan and Froude a unique type of incinerator at its Wolverhampton factory. The first of its kind in the world, it will burn all types



"Now's your chance to grease the front suspension."



Temporary aid to vision: a replacement for a shattered windshield. See "In brief" paragraph.

In brief

LOCAL authorities are co-operating with the Department of the Environment to discover the value of signs giving information to motorists about towns that have been bypassed. Watch out for the first of these on the trunk road approaches to Honiton, Devon. Others will be installed near Stamford, Lincs., and Kendal, Westmorland. They show a map of the town, with information about services and car parks.

Help yourself

WHETHER motorists are enthusiastic about self-service filling stations I don't know, but I am told they undoubtedly stimulate business.

So far only about three per cent of service stations have gone over to self-service. Conversion is expensive, but there is likely to be a considerable stepping-up in the next few years among the medium-sized and larger garages with plenty of space. Mobil, which claims to be the instigator of self-service and which opened its first one in Southampton in 1963, now has nearly 200.

From dialling the quantity you want from the pump with the desired grade, the next step is push-button self-service. Electronic blenders are now in use at Esso stations at Bath and Cheltenham, and there is one, the Shepperton Autoway Centre, Middlesex, where technology has gone even farther.

Here, you don't even have to look at the pump to see the fuel mounting. A glass fibre optic—made of spaghetti-like glass strands—transmits the price image down the petrol hose. You can see the amount totting up in small fluorescent figures nearest the point where you hold the nozzle.

MOTOR SPORT

Ring
masters

THE German Grand Prix returns today to its rightful home, the Nürburgring. Last year saw an epic battle in the gladiatorial arena of Hockenheim between Jackie Ickx and the late Jochen Rindt, with the Ferrari driver winning by seven-tenths of a second.

But Germany's premier motor race held anywhere else but the "Ring" with its almost Wagnerian overtones, seems utterly inappropriate. Nürburgring, with its 172 corners, twisting and turning for 14 miles through the forests of the Eifel mountains, is probably the most difficult in the world.

With Formula 1 car speeds rising, this was too much for the Grand Prix organisers who decided that the race organisers would have to put their track safety in order. Faced with the formidable task of cutting down thousands of trees, creating run-off areas and erecting miles of concrete barriers, the organisers were unable to meet the deadline for last year's race.

But they have completed the Herculean task to the satisfaction of the Grand Prix Drivers' Association this year.

It should be a fascinating grand event, not only because the Nürburgring is an unrivalled circuit, but because both this season's leading drivers, Jackie Stewart and Jackie Ickx, are noted "Ringmasters".

Stewart's 1968 Matra-Ford victory was one of the finest in the history of motor racing when he battled round in zero visibility fog and rain to win at 86.82 m.p.h. Ickx won the following year in reasonable weather at 108.43 m.p.h. in a Brabham-Ford.

Ickx's Ferrari emerged last August as a race winner although it has been out of luck lately. The Belgian, who ranks as one of the world's greatest drivers, particularly on the fantastically difficult Nürburgring, will be trying all he knows to add to his 1970 championship points and reduce Stewart's big lead of 23.

Today also promises some fine racing at the B.A.R.C.'s Thruxton meeting. The Andover circuit is staging the first race in Europe since the inlet manifold restriction limit on Formula 3 1600cc. engines was raised.

Colin Dryden

The Central Council
for Education
and Training in
Social Work,

which is to be responsible for promoting social work training throughout the United Kingdom, invites applications from men and women with knowledge and experience relevant to Social Work Education for posts as Assistant Directors of Social Work Education or as members of the main grade professional staff.

The Council will have a professional Director of Social Work Education who will be its chief officer. Salaries of Assistant Directors will rise to £4,401, and of main grade staff to £3,417 a year; starting salaries in accordance with qualifications and experience. London weighting of £90 per annum will be payable in addition.

The post will be superannuable; existing superannuation rights will be safeguarded.

Application forms and further information from the Central Council for Education and Training in Social Work, c/o Department of Health and Social Security, Room 211, Horseferry House, Dean Ryle Street, London, S.W.1.

The closing date for applications will be Sept. 6.

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Max Factor Limited, international leaders in the cosmetic field, are currently looking for a young Financial Accountant for their Bournemouth-based accounting department.

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The main function of this position is to co-ordinate the general accounting section, including the maintenance of Statistical and Departmental Budgetary Control Systems thus enabling management to monitor advertising, merchandising, sales and administrative expenditure. The ability to communicate effectively at all levels and to innovate and develop ideas and work in co-operation with the Company's management as an integral member of their team is fundamental.

This appointment carries the usual benefits associated with a progressive company, including an attractive working environment, full removal expenses and non-contributory pension scheme plus an excellent commensurate salary depending on age, experience and qualifications.

Please apply for an application form to the Group Personnel Administrator, U.K. Operations, Max Factor Limited, P.O. Box 3, Bournemouth, BH1 3NZ.

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Four-timer Prominent is No. 105

By JOHN LAWRENCE at Goodwood

OLONEL Percy Wright, whose Prominent won the P.T.S. Laurels Stakes at Goodwood yesterday, must just about the most successful small scale breeder of time. Starting with two mares soon after the war, he never owning more than half a dozen, he has now bred no less than 105 winners—and had few total failures.

Mandado booked for hurdling

MANDADO and Happy Memory completed battle at Thirsk yesterday, writes Northern Racing Correspondent.

Mandado, who won the Austin Trophy and is the first horse to be ridden by a professional jockey, was ridden by Mr. J. H. Harrison and won him five races.

Five years ago a serious fall seemed to have knocked Mandado out of the game. But his comeback was nothing compared with that of Geoff Baxter who rode him so beautifully yesterday.

But when last season Arthur Budgett, to whom he had been apprenticed in the first place, decided to give Baxter another chance. The partnership has never looked back since and Baxter is now riding with more strength and assurance than ever before.

Real joy

There is no more honest or consistent flyer in training than Mandado. It was a real joy to watch him turn out fresh as a daisy on the morning after his hard race on the previous day.

The middle and half of the Lancashire Oaks had enabled Mandado to get his head back in the game. He was a real joy to watch him turn out fresh as a daisy on the morning after his hard race on the previous day.

Happy Memory landed his second win in the John Ball Memorial Stakes at Thirsk yesterday, just after leaving the stalls.

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The master hand of Barry John has grounded the ball as he runs on after scoring the second British try.

THROW OPEN THE ST. LEGER TO OLDER HORSES

NOTHING happened at Goodwood last week to suggest that the 1971 St. Leger will be anything more than a somewhat inflated consolation prize for second-class three-year-olds. The oldest classic in fact, is also now by far the least important and in nine years out of ten, the oldest writes John Lawrence.

Last year, admittedly, Nijinsky injected a powerful shot in the arm of the race. But his short-lived stimulants may turn out to have done the patient more harm than good. Because for one in his career he has been the ultimate moment of truth for a European classic, it is not surprising that the race has been the subject of much speculation.

At Goodwood last week Athens Wood, Selhurst and Homeric fought out a thrilling finish to the Gordon Stakes but, good honest colts though these three are, I personally find it very hard to get over-excited about a repeat performance between them at Doncaster. And that, give or take a few other possibilities, is what the 1971 St. Leger will almost certainly be.

How infinitely much more interesting and useful if the field at Doncaster was likely to include, for instance, Rock Red, Charlton and Oris to name only three of the good older horses who, with things as they are at present, might be expected to take part. Cap distances for moderate prizes or, more likely, seek easier richer pickings in France.

In some years, no doubt, the St. Leger will still attract the Derby winners and, despite the example of Nijinsky, there is no real reason why, for a sound, tough horse, it should be used as a stepping stone to the Arc de Triomphe or Champion Stakes. But that in no way alters or makes desirable the basic proposal here—namely that the last and oldest English classic should be thrown open forthwith to horses of all generations meeting at weight for age.

Last week, needless to say, all such considerations and everything else for that matter was overshadowed by the brilliance of

Trident dies hard

On both counts it seems to me the St. Leger has now become a pretty pointless anachronism. The only real purpose it still serves is to demonstrate that horses already proven over one and a half miles can stay two furlongs and further—and, equally well, if not better, by a race over the same distance but open to older horses.

Tradition goes rightly and the St. Leger is a pretty pointless anachronism. The only real purpose it still serves is to demonstrate that horses already proven over one and a half miles can stay two furlongs and further—and, equally well, if not better, by a race over the same distance but open to older horses.

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EARTH-SHATTERING RUGBY John architect of wonder win

By a Special Correspondent in Wellington.

NEW ZEALAND has been expecting a major earthquake in Wellington for some years and the 1971 British Lions have certainly done their best to provide one. They have scored 81 points in this fair city, and they have just ended up by beating the All Blacks in the third of the four internationals.

This made the needle quiver so frantically on the seismological graph that it practically fell off the paper, because the victory gave the British Isles a 2-1 lead in the series.

It did all sorts of other things besides. It shook the All Blacks' faith in themselves and it punched home the psychological advantage which New Zealand had given the British Isles, which they brought Brian Lochore out of retirement and played him at lock as a replacement for the injured Peter Whiting.

It also made history. This is the first time the British Isles have ever won two matches in an international series in New Zealand.

The British Isles cannot lose the one now and even that is a greater blessing than both sides have been expecting. In the first time the British Isles have ever won two matches in an international series in New Zealand.

Wellington is famous for the high winds that funnel in from the Cook Strait and tear across the exposed plateau of Athletic Park, but on this occasion New Zealand must have thought they were being hit by a whirlwind.

The British Isles scored 23 points in 10 minutes and were then playing so emphatically that an anxious New Zealand voice said: "Jeez, they're gonna score fifty."

Attention to detail

The British Isles were playing with a strong wind and the sun behind them. John Davies had won the toss in each of the first three internationals and in the first two he took the kick-off. In this case he chose to use the scrum.

Carwyn James, the Lions' coach, telephoned the local meteorological office to make sure the wind would not increase in force. He gave the go-ahead to the scrum.

Above all, the British Isles wanted to be the aggressors. In their first two matches against New Zealand they had relied on counter-attack. In this game they were determined to take the play to New Zealand.

They succeeded admirably. In the first half they scored 13 points and took the lead. In the second half they scored 18 points and won the match.

John Williams had come in to give him an overlap, and when Davies reached the full-back he kicked ahead. Hunter scored to save, but was cut down by a marvelous tackle by Taylor.

Mervyn Davies set up the ruck and after a crunch of British Isles forwards had swept the field. He passed to John who dropped a goal.

Six minutes later New Zealand were caught in trouble again near their own line.

They threw the ball long at a line-out, which was a dangerous move to do in that situation, and when they made a mistake with the scrum, the Lions forwards caught them in possession and drove over a ruck just to the right of the posts.

Fulling the ball out to Gerald Davies on the wing it seemed that the Lions might have scored. But he was cut down by his way over the line and somehow got the ball down before he hit the flag.

Line-out peel

It was a difficult conversion, but John's kick nudged the inside of the post and bounced down over the bar.

Midway through the first half the British Isles scored again. Gibson nearly made an interception, but the All Blacks scribbled the ball into touch. The Lions scored.

South Africa's winning margin would have been greater with more accurate goal kicking from full back Ian McCullum, who missed two conversions.

Springbok fly-half Piet Visagie scored his best match to date, scoring in each half—the first after a thrilling 20-yard solo dash for the line. Hannes Viljoen scored the Springboks' third try, bringing his tally for the tour to 24 tries.

McCullum remained the tourists' overall top scorer, with 18 points after yesterday's match, in which he kicked one conversion and a penalty goal. Full-back Ian McCullum, who missed two conversions, scored the Springboks' first try.

Unlike the first match in the series, when the Lions were the underdogs, the South African players were confident and showed no signs of nerves.

South Africa had won the first international in Sydney 19-11.

POLO

CONWAY

CONWAY

CONWAY

CONWAY

CONWAY



CARWYN JAMES... tactician call to meet office.

Springboks take series

VISAGIE STARS

By a Special Correspondent in Brisbane

Australia 6pts, South Africa 14

SOUTH AFRICA scored three tries to Australia's nil to gain this decisive victory yesterday in the second international which took them to an unbeatable 2-0 lead in the series.

Though not appearing the super-astute side of previous matches on this tour, the Springboks nevertheless outgunned Australia in every department of the game.

Once again they dominated the lineouts with a huge 38-14 advantage.

Australia's reformed pack of big men, despite the loss of the scrum, were unable to counter the South Africans' domination in the lineouts, fopped.

Handling lapses cost the Springboks several tries. With the goal-line wide open, both centre Piet Cronje and veteran winger Syd Noms, playing the 25th international, knocked on.

McCullum misses

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POLO

CONWAY

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CONWAY

TOP JOCKEYS

Jockey	Wins	Places	Shows	Points
Piggott	11	11	11	11
Carson	10	10	10	10
Waters	9	9	9	9
Went	8	8	8	8
Went	7	7	7	7
Went	6	6	6	6
Went	5	5	5	5
Went	4	4	4	4
Went	3	3	3	3
Went	2	2	2	2
Went	1	1	1	1

YESTERDAY'S RESULTS

Good

Good

Good

Good

Good

Good

Good

Good

Good

Good

Good

Good

Good

Good

Good

Gambled on Palm Track finishes only fifth

AN old-fashioned gamble on Palm Track backed from 6-1 down to 15-8 favourite for the Tolly Cobbold Trophy. The great son of the Tolly Cobbold Stakes failed at Newmarket yesterday.

The colt could finish only fifth to Dundrum. Tony Murray sent Dundrum ahead two furlongs out and secured a comfortable win.

Dundrum was the 41st winner of the season for trainer Doug Smith.

In a desperate bid to the Cobbold Trophy, Dundrum was sent to the Tolly Cobbold Stakes by a neck from Celestial Record to gain his first win of the season.

The favourite Naimont Point was three-quarters of a length behind Dundrum.

Des Colles brought King Midas from last to first in the Tolly Cobbold Trophy. The great son of the Tolly Cobbold Stakes failed at Newmarket yesterday.

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ACCEPTORS FOR TOMORROW'S RACING

RIPON

RIPON

RIPON

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RIPON

WHISTLER'S HINTS FOR THE WEEK

RIPON—Mon.

RIPON—Mon.

RIPON—Mon.

RIPON—Mon.

RIPON—Mon.

RIPON—Mon.

RIPON—Mon.

RIPON—Mon.

RIPON—Mon.

RIPON—Mon.

RIPON—Mon.

RIPON—Mon.

RIPON—Mon.

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RIPON—Mon.

NEWTON ABBOT

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NEWTON ABBOT

Britain may quit Malta

By GORDON BROOK-SHEPHERD

THE problem of how to deal with Mr. Mintoff's Malta reaches the crunch with tomorrow's meeting of the N.A.T.O. Ministerial Council. As it approaches there are growing signs that the problem may have to be solved by just dumping it on Mr. Mintoff's lap and withdrawing British forces from the island.

Contingency plans for an eventual British withdrawal were ordered in Whitehall as soon as Mr. Mintoff won his one-seat election victory in June.

They envisage a N.A.T.O. Mediterranean re-grouping on the obvious alternative; the strategic triangle of Gibraltar, Naples and Cyprus.

There seems more likelihood now of these plans having to be implemented than at any time since Mr. Mintoff assumed office as Prime Minister two months ago.

The situation has not been eased by the West Germans launching out on an extraordinary solo act of bilateral aid to Malta. Two successive missions sent from Bonn have offered Mr. Mintoff not merely general economic assistance but special equipment for his police force.

Enormous gap

There are two reasons for the current diplomatic deadlock over Malta. The first is the enormous gap revealed at last week's N.A.T.O. meeting between the money Mr. Mintoff is demanding for an extension of British military facilities on the island and what Britain and N.A.T.O. are prepared to pay.

Against Mr. Mintoff's demand of £50 million a year Britain is understood to have refused to go above her present annual payments of £5 million. Her N.A.T.O. partners, some of whom get great indirect benefits from the British presence on the island and only so far offered drabs and drabs amounting to about £2 million.

The gap is then in the order of £25 million and no-one at the moment either in London or Brussels sees any prospect of bridging it.

The second apparently irreconcilable clash is over how the money shall be paid even if a figure could be agreed.

Mr. Mintoff, who is in fact behaving like a one-eyed bandit with a begging bowl, wants, very naturally, to hide the begging bowl. He is demanding his money as strict rent for military, naval and air facilities.

Bonn aid talks

But Britain's N.A.T.O. partners are refusing to pay on this basis and are talking of bilateral aid agreements with Malta instead. Any sort of bilateral approach to Mr. Mintoff is, however, just what Britain wants to avoid at this stage.

The British case, according to reports from Brussels, is that the unity of the alliance can only be preserved by presenting a joint front. Otherwise, so far from being a N.A.T.O. outpost, Malta could become a divisive wedge.

Here the British and the West Germans are in polite but disturbing confrontation. The Bonn

Government, which appears to have had a mild attack of sunstroke over Malta, is charging ahead with its bilateral aid talks despite the clearest signs of British anxiety.

The only plausible reason for this is the strong international Socialist link between Mr. Mintoff and Herr Brandt, the West German Socialist Chancellor.

Thus, immediately after Mr. Mintoff's victory Herr Dingels, the Head of the Foreign Policy Department in the West German Socialist National Executive, paid an unpublished visit to Malta.

British pleas

On July 11 a seven-man West German delegation headed by Dr. Mommensen, the State Secretary in the Bonn Defence Ministry, arrived in Valletta for two days of talks.

This was despite British pleas that it was extremely awkward to have such a team headed by such a Minister arriving even before Lord Carrington, our own Defence Secretary, had had the chance to set foot on the island.

Now, it is learned, an even larger West German delegation has been quietly visiting Malta. Indeed it only left there for home last Wednesday. This visit has confirmed earlier speculation that the talk has not been all about general economic aid, as German official spokesmen have been trying to pretend.

According to Bonn sources, a firm promise was given last week by the West Germans to supply three fast patrol boats, three helicopters and some personnel lorries for Mr. Mintoff's police force. Mr. Mintoff had earlier asked the Americans, and had got a dusty answer.

For drugs watch

His Socialist friends in Bonn have now obliged, having apparently accepted his story that this equipment is needed solely to "suppress drug-running and smuggling in general". Even the Germans appear to have got nervous, however, when asked for powerful accompanying armaments to be supplied as well.

It should be stressed that there is no question of West Germans going behind British backs in all this. It is just that they are going the wrong way round the front.

It is reported in shipping circles, for example, that they are trying to divert some German ships from Baltic yards to be repaired in Malta's crucial dry-dock, for which Mr. Mintoff has asked special help.

There is even a rumour that he wants a West German shipping expert to be chairman of a new Malta Dry Dock Board. It would be ironic, to say the least, if the great Anglo-German "Dreadnoughts" rivalry of 70 years ago were to be revived in a minute and somewhat farcical dry-docks dispute today.



THE FIRST MOTORISTS on the Moon—Col. David Scott and Lt-Col. James Irwin loading scientific equipment into their Lunar Rover before setting out yesterday on their drive to Elbow and St. George Craters beside Hadley Rille.

Continued from Page One

Explosion at flat

Charge of the hunt for the self-confessed bombers of the Angry Brigade, was also called in.

The eight-storey block, near Putney Bridge and the Hurlingham Club, contains big three and four-bedroom flats.

Mr. Clive Leonard, who lives in a neighbouring block at Rivermead Court, said that there was no doubt whatsoever that it was caused by a bomb which had been planted there.

"I got to the flat and saw that the front door had been blown right in by an explosion just outside. The inside doors had also been blown in."

"I couldn't see any remnants of a bomb at all. There was just a huge black mark. It certainly was not a gas explosion or anything like that."

'It's maddening'

Mr. Davies was shocked by the news. "It's absolutely maddening," he said. "There was no point in returning from Knutsford to London immediately. I have been told I have no front door," he said.

He said he planned to stay in his constituency until tonight. Police guarded his cottage.

"I suppose I will try and get back tomorrow. I shall have to be in the local shop in London." He was in Knutsford meeting his constituents at his regularly arranged monthly meeting.

Mr. Davies added: "I don't know what they were thinking of. They seem to be leaving bombs all over the place."

He said that whoever planted the bomb could have thought that it was staying at the flat. I nearly always spend the weekend up here."

Cmdr. 'X' called in

Mrs. Davies is staying near Cannes. The Minister planned to join her there soon on holiday.

The Prime Minister, who is racing his yacht Morning Cloud, was telephoned and told of the explosion. Later he sent a personal message to Mr. Davies.

Within two hours Cmdr. "X", the Scotland Yard officer in

charge of the hunt for the self-confessed bombers of the Angry Brigade, was also called in.

Local police guarded every entrance to the flats. They interviewed each resident before letting them in or out. In the top storey flat where the explosion took place Scotland Yard men and Special Branch officers were still sifting through debris last night.

Two officials from the firm which owns the flats were turned back at the door when they asked permission to go up to inspect the damage.

Evidence of the power of the blast could be seen from broken glass on the roof tops of cars parked far below in the forecourt.

A spokesman for the owners of the flat said that because of the earlier bomb scare with Mr. Carr police had been keeping a 24-hour watch on Mr. Davies' flat. They had been having irregular police patrols along the corridor and up the staircase.

Janitors' patrols

Whoever had planted the bomb must have come in when the backs of the police were turned. In addition to the police patrol the janitors of the flats had their own patrols with the radio on the building and radio communication all the time.

He said that the intruder must have come in through the main entrance to the block as it was the only possible way to get into the corridor outside Mr. Davies' flat.

The explosion was condemned in Clydebank last night. A letter in the local shipyard, said Mr. John Dickie, said: "That sort of thing does more harm to our cause at this time than anything else."

"We want to show the public that we are reasonable people behaving in a responsible way, not wildcats. The whole idea is for the workers to pull their weight to make this thing a success so that by this means the

Government may be obliged to change its mind. This is the only way we can prove our point."

Other blasts

The Angry Brigade claimed responsibility for the incidents: August 1970. A device which slightly damaged the home of Sir John Walsby, Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police.

October 1970. A device which partially exploded at the Chelsea home of the Attorney-General, Sir Peter Bawlinson.

January 1971. Bombs which damaged the home of Mr. Robert Carr, Employment Secretary, at Barnes.

March. Explosion at Ford's office building, Gants Hill.

May 1. Explosion at Bha boutique, Kensington.

May 22. Explosion at Metropolitan Police computer room, Tintagel House, London. On the same day the International Revolutionary Solidarity Movement, to which the Angry Brigade belongs, claimed responsibility for explosions at the Paris office of Rolls-Royce, British Rail and a Land Rover depot.

June 22. Explosion at the Ongar home of Mr. William Baty, Managing Director of Ford's, and at an electricity sub-station near Ford's Dagenham factory.

'Oz' judge gets bomb threat

Police last night were guarding the home and City chambers of Judge Michael Argyle, Q.C., the Q. trial judge, after an anonymous bomb threat. A caller telephoned the judge's Mitre Court chambers on Friday and said they and his home would be bombed.

A police spokesman said last night: "We are taking the threat seriously as well as any other threats which might be made."

The judge remanded three Oz executives in custody last Wednesday at the Old Bailey for medical, mental and probation reports to be prepared before he passes sentence. They were found guilty of publishing an obscene and indecent issue for school-children.

M.P.s attack haircuts

Three Labour M.P.s yesterday attacked the decision to cut the shoulder-length hair of the three Oz defendants who are in Wandsworth prison awaiting sentence. Mr. Arthur Davidson (Accrington), Mr. John Fraser (Norwood), and Mr. Stanley Clinton Davies (Hackney Central) said the decision was petty.

Who's Who in the land of Oz—P.15

DRIVE ON THE MOON

Continued from Page 1

continued collecting samples of rocks and soil, his feet kicking up dust as he bounced around in the one-sixth gravity.

Taking a comprehensive sample, Col. Scott reported that the soil was "dark grey, fine-grained and fairly cohesive. Very few fragments in it."

Then they took core-tube samples, hammering hollow spikes into the crumbly surface. The tubes were extracted and sealed, ready for opening by scientists at Houston.

At Hadley Rille the astronauts said together: "There's the rille." "We are on the edge of the rille. I see Elbow Crater," said Col. Scott. "There is a big black hole. There is a definite ridge or rent that runs along the rille."

Col. Scott reported excitedly, "Oh, there's some beautiful geology out here. It's spectacular. I can see the bottom of the valley leading to the Hadley Rille. I can see the bottom of the rille. It's smooth at the bottom and I can see two large boulders and the tracks where they rolled down the slope."

Great exploration

Moments after he set foot on the moon, the seventh American to do so in the last two years—he declared: "As I step out here in the wonder of the unknown on Hadley Plain, I realise there is a fundamental truth and law of nature. Man must explore and this exploration is at its greatest."

When Lt-Col. Irwin joined Col. Scott on the surface he said excitedly: "Oh, boy! It's beautiful out here! It reminds me of Sun Valley."

While their crew-mate, Major Alfred Worden, 39, rode around the moon in a waiting orbit, Col. Scott and Lt-Col. Irwin, climbed a ladder from Falcon, which was nestled lovingly near the towering Apennine Mountains.

But before it began there was a brief crisis over their oxygen supply in the spacecraft. While they were sleeping flight controllers noticed a drop in the pressure in both oxygen descent tanks.

The astronauts, who had been sleeping soundly, were awakened about an hour earlier than planned and told of the problem.

It was quickly traced to an open urine dump valve. This was corrected and the crisis was over.

FINE TV PICTURES

By Our TV Staff

A B.B.C. spokesman said last night that the moon pictures were the best they have ever received, "but obviously they cannot be compared with those we get on an outside broadcast from Lord's. They have to be re-transmitted from Houston by satellite and converted from the American 525 to the British 625 system."

WORLD WEATHER

Algeria	F.C.	London	F.C.
Amsterdam	70-72	London	72-72
Athens	68-70	Madrid	67-72
Berlin	68-70	Manila	81-83
Bombay	68-70	Moscow	68-70
Buenos Aires	68-70	Nairobi	68-70
Calcutta	68-70	Paris	68-70
Cairo	68-70	Rangoon	68-70
Colon	68-70	Seoul	68-70
Dubai	68-70	Singapore	68-70
Hankow	68-70	Taipei	68-70
Harbin	68-70	Tokyo	68-70
Hong Kong	68-70	Yokohama	68-70
Kobe	68-70		
London	68-70		
Lyons	68-70		
Manila	81-83		
Moscow	68-70		
Nairobi	68-70		
Paris	68-70		
Rangoon	68-70		
Seoul	68-70		
Singapore	68-70		
Taipei	68-70		
Tokyo	68-70		
Yokohama	68-70		

Russians stop work in Sudan

By JAMES ALLAN in Khartoum

REPORTS reaching Khartoum suggest that the more provincial areas of the country some Russians engaged on projects have stayed away from work because of local hostility caused by the attempted coup.

About a dozen Russians working at a milk factory project at Babanusa, in the Kordofan province, are reported to have been attacked by the local population.

As a result they stopped work temporarily.

They are members of an army of Russian "advisers and experts" in the use of Soviet military equipment. At the moment there are believed to be about 1,000 of them in the Sudan, including families.

A Russian embassy spokesman admitted that some experts in Khartoum might have been involved in incidents but he had no official information. It is probably these outbreaks which have led to Russian protests against attacks on Soviet citizens.

A Sudanese Government spokesman said: "No restrictions have been put on the experts. I would not be surprised if some stayed at home for their own protection."

Protest to envoy

Mr. Anatole Nikolayev, Russia's ambassador in Khartoum, has been sent for by a Government Minister to receive an official protest issued by President Numeiry, who has complained of "an unfair campaign launched against Sudan by the Soviet Union."

Significantly the protest was made through Major Abdul Gasim Hashim, Minister of Youth and Sport and a member of the Revolutionary Command Council, and not the Foreign Minister, Farouk Abu Issa, a Communist who broke with the party in Sudan.

Sudan is becoming increasingly angry that the Communist world in the West is accusing it

of the mass slaughter of innocent people and claiming that Soviet citizens are being attacked.

The Government called yesterday, as separate blocs, ambassadors of other Communist countries represented in Khartoum, the Arab world and the European countries, giving the view of President Numeiry.

Journalist expelled

Last week the Russian ambassador twice passed on to Sudanese Government from the Kremlin.

Sudan yesterday expelled a British journalist without any official explanation for his deportation. The reporter, Mr. George Hunter, of a Daily Express correspondent, who has been covering recent events in Sudan.

Moscow him at break

By Our Staff Correspondent Moscow

Moscow yesterday made first public reference to possibility of its curbing the most virulent attack yet

week of mounting criticism against the Sudan executive Russia referred to a "regime of terror."

"The affair in its current form has clearly reflected official reaction, dubbed acts as provocative. The action arose whether Khartoum was willing to maintain relations with Moscow or not."

One authoritative West observer said last night: "Russia could not at this time afford a break with a country so closely allied to the United Arab Republic."

But its relations with the Arab nations, he said, were "a delicate matter."

Summit talks win for Hussein

By ANTHONY MANN in Tripoli

THE Arab summit meeting summoned by Col. Gaddafi, the Libyan leader, ended yesterday not with a bang but with a windy, unsigned communiqué covering two foolscap pages.

It said, in effect, that each Arab government will please itself over measures it will take to bring King Hussein of Jordan to heel, after his massive clean-up of the Palestinian guerrillas.

It accused the King of "preparing a bilateral settlement with the Zionist enemy."

The communiqué, in Arabic, was distributed by Mr. Arafat, the Palestinian leader, in the early hours of the morning to anyone who happened to be around.

Earlier threats of "concerted military action" against Jordan

by Arab States were "watered down to verbiage" appropriate practical measures.

This was inevitable, since President Numeiry of the Sudan for whom Col. Gaddafi sent personal plane to Khartoum to come to Tripoli, might well take place.

Only President Sadat of Egypt and the Presidents of Yemen and South Yemen, accepted Gaddafi's invitation.

The man who appears to be engaged in the strongest opposition to the summit is King Hussein, who declines non-existent invitation to part in the summit in a castic message to the Government.



Name a cheerful room like this...and make a dream come true.

Name a room in a Help the Aged housing scheme after a loved one—and a dream comes true for a needy aged person. There are thousands of them in Britain today—living lonely, neglected lives in wretched conditions. We are asking you to give a donation towards building more new self-contained, warden-supervised flats, like the one above, where the aged can live an active, independent and dignified life.

Every £1 you give generates more than £25 worth of new housing through official grants and loans.

£2 will record your name in the book of donors.

£100 will name a room after someone dear to you.

Please remember a loved one—and bring happiness to others.

Send your donation to: Help the Aged (Room STE/6), 139 Oxford St., London, W.1.

Supporters include: Richard Baker, Dame Sybil Thorneley, Derek Nimmo, Lord Laker.

TV today

B.B.C.1

APOLLO 15

B.B.C.1: 11.30 a.m.-1.20 p.m. 2.15 p.m. Moon drive (live). 6.20-6.45 p.m. Moon drive (live). Report in News at 10.10.

B.B.C.2: 1.20 p.m.-1.50 p.m. Moon drive (live). 4.15 p.m. Cricket (live). 6.30-7.00 p.m. Moon drive (live).

9 a.m.-9.30 p.m. Nai Zindagi—Naga Javan. 10.15-10.55 p.m. Gwasanath Uedag (service from the Elstredford Pavilion, Bangor). 11.15-11.30 p.m. Seeing and Believing.

1.20 p.m. Farming. The Parkers at Salford. 1.30-1.45 p.m. 2.14-2.45 p.m. Going for a Song.

3.15 p.m. "Irish Eyes Are Smiling" (1944 film).

Nostalgic, tuneful, period musical, with June Haver and Dick Fawcett as the conventional young lovers and the less orthodox Monty Woolley and Anthony Quinn on hand to beef up the pretty little plot.

4.40-5.20 p.m. Motor Racing—German Grand Prix.

6.5 p.m. 6.15 p.m. The Eighties—Neighbourhood. 6.50 p.m. The Beginning (Bible stories).

7 p.m. Praise the Lord (hymns from last year's Songs of Praise). 7.25 p.m. Dad's Army, rpt. 7.55 p.m. John Huston's "Friend" (1962 film).

The supreme actor's actor, often more highly regarded than his famous friends, Huston played fraud toward the end of a career, and a life—he died four years later—has been lived infinitely more than he delivered. John Huston directed this strange, loaded biography which was cruelly misjudged in the cinema at the time.

10.10 p.m. 10.25 p.m. Omnibus at the Proms—Grieg & Elgar: Radu Lupu (piano), Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orch. conducted by Charles Groves.

11.35 p.m. Weather.

• Not colour.

B.B.C.2

10.35 p.m.-11 p.m. Open University—Social Sciences: Science; Mathematics: Arts; Open Forum.

1.50-2.30 p.m. John Player League Cricket: Yorkshire v Essex.

7 News Review, 7.25 p.m. A.V.M.

7.25 p.m. The World Above Us—Ganga Mayya (Mother Gangal). 8.45 p.m. Music on 2—Percy Grainger, rpt.

9.40 p.m. One Man's Week: Michael Finley.

10.10 p.m. The Borderers, rpt.

11 p.m. News: Cricket scores; Weather. • Not colour.

I.T.A.

LONDON WEEKEND

APOLLO 15—I.T.A. Network 12.5 p.m.-1 p.m. Moon drive (live); 6.15-7.25 p.m. Moon drive (live); Report in News at 10.

11 a.m.-12.5 p.m. Service from Tunley Presbyterian Church, Wroughton, Wigan, Lancs. 1.10 p.m. Police Five.

1.45 p.m. Our Yesterdays.

2.15 p.m. Forest Rangers. 2.45 p.m. Variety Challenge.

3.15 p.m. Festival Cricket from Lord's.

4.45 p.m. Golden Shot.

5.35 p.m. Jamie.

RADIO

RADIO 1 (247m.)

6.55 a.m. First Day of the Week. 7.25 a.m. News. Weather. Barry Allis. (7.30 a.m. 8.25 a.m. News). 9 a.m. Junior Choice (12.30 p.m. 1.10 p.m. News). 1.15 p.m. News. 1.30 p.m. News. 1.45 p.m. News. 1.55 p.m. News. 2.05 p.m. News. 2.15 p.m. News. 2.25 p.m. News. 2.35 p.m. News. 2.45 p.m. News. 2.5